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TRANSLATION OF THE SHORT STORY  
*KADUNUD HINGEDE AJARAAMAT* BY INDREK HARGLA  
AND ITS ANALYSIS:  
USING AMERICAN ENGLISH AND THE COCA

MA thesis

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## Introduction

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Indrek Hargla is one of the most renowned contemporary Estonian writers, having written novels, short stories, plays and even television show scripts. Hargla has been awarded the prestigious Estonian science fiction award Stalker 17 times in addition to numerous other literary awards and his work has been translated into German, Finnish, Latvian, Hungarian, French and English. (Herodes 2012, Vainküla 2012) This is also the main motivation behind the author having chosen a text by Indrek Hargla to translate (other than having been his avid reader for more than a decade): none of his short stories have been translated into English and his distinctive style was sure to present unique challenges in terms of translation strategies, especially considering the translation is from Estonian to English. The story *Kadunud hingede ajaraamat* was chosen after consulting with the author himself – he was very supportive of his work being translated and used for academic purposes, and suggested the story himself. The story first appeared in the 2011 short story collection *Suudlevad vampiirid* (*Kissing vampires*, author's translation) and falls into the science fiction genre.

The author chose to translate the text into American English – a conscious choice of variety in order to be able to produce a cohesive and consistent translation. The original text had several features that the author was mindful of when translating: a large amount of dialogue and monologues (often inner monologues and thoughts), a somewhat contextual approach to storytelling (frequent occurrence of fragmented and long, complex sentences that can only be fully understood within the context of the paragraph/story), etc. These complex sentences often included long lists of words tied together with punctuation marks or coordinating conjunctions – whether to translate these as they are became a topic of interest to the author. As regular electronic bilingual dictionaries and even collocation dictionaries offered little to no information on these weak collocates, the author turned to corpora and as the translation was in American English, to the largest American English corpus, the Corpus of Contemporary American English (COCA). Thus, the two main areas of analysis were formed:

1. American English elements and their use in the translated text
2. Using corpora (and more specifically, the COCA) in translation work

The first focuses on studying the various American English elements in the text and serves as an emphasis to the importance of remaining consistent within one variety. This analysis chapter illustrates the oftentimes overlooked differences between British and American English with

various examples from the translated text, thereby highlighting the American English features and their use in the translation.

The second part of the analysis focuses on the importance of corpora and their possible use in translation work. This section also includes a practical analysis of the weak collocates found in the translated text; the COCA is used to validate the viability of existing translations which will also serve as a testament to its usefulness as a tool in translation work.

## Translation: *The Chronicle of Lost Souls*

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On the day following the divorce, Kärt sat in the kitchen smoking and drinking wine and she thought about how numb she feels, as if a giant vacuum cleaner had sucked every single emotion out of her. This numbness in her had taken root more than a year ago and it had kept growing ever since. She did not feel joy, satisfaction, sadness, despair or even apathy, and she wondered how this is possible. Kärt had gotten everything she wanted from her husband during the divorce, including the house, and neither of them had screamed, cried or cursed, everything had been so civilized, quiet and calm because Jaanus had decided that if there is no love, nothing else matters, including their marriage. After the visit to the notary, they parted as acquaintances who had been sharing a room for a few years. They exchanged their new metaweb addresses and maybe even shook hands. They did not look back when they were walking to their separate cars, it was all over, their marriage was history and they had to look to the future.

Kärt sat, she did not feel like talking to anybody, she was waiting for the wine to take effect but she was incapable of feeling even the intoxication. It was exactly as Džäclyn had once said: after you go through with it, divorce becomes just a word and nothing more. And then, after some time, you feel free and alive. Truly, fully alive.

Džäclyn had been divorced three times and so had Chätriin-Gaga, Šaqiira-Candyca had gone through it twice and they always discussed it when they were together, except for Kärt who usually stayed quiet because she had nothing to add. If they asked about her marriage, she shrugged, said that they lived like everybody else – they sleep together every few weeks but otherwise they both have their own lives...

“Jesus Christ!” they exclaimed. “Get a divorce! Surely! It’s not like you have kids and even if you did, that’s no reason to stay together.”

And Džäclyn said, “If the love is gone, everything will go to hell sooner or later. I would know. Your soul needs to sing, my dear, sing and rejoice.”

Kärt did not remember the last time she had heard her soul sing. Not over Jaanus anyway. And there was no one else to make her soul sing.

She had not read a book in years, not even a magazine but Džäclyn started bringing them to her. She said that it is honest literature, from one woman to another, written with sincerity, about happiness and love, sadness and pain, about your true self. And Džäclyn set up a private channel for her on the metaweb where there were stars and actresses all over the world, even

Carmela Bobrea was on there, and Angie Verhagen used it to announce her divorce from that Indonesian prince even before the press heard about it. And Kärt very obediently read through a few years' worth of magazines that Džäclwyn had brought her, they were in Estonian, English, German and Finnish. The colorful pages assured her that she had a right to be happy and free. Marriage was not about feeling tied down. If you are unhappy and you have been for long enough to forget what happiness is, there is only one option. Many of us have married young, think about all the things that you loved years ago that now seem unimportant, immaterial or worthless. Why would you then think that the decision to get married, although it might have felt right and necessary at the time – and probably somewhat forced – should still hold you prisoner? Marriage is a lottery – you either win or lose but if you lose, you *need* to have the right to buy a new ticket. You do not have to stay in the game with a losing ticket. Consider this: you are not the same person who you were twenty years ago. Maybe all your other preferences and needs have changed as well – why would you continue living with the same man? And do not be fooled – if he does not try to sleep with you for a few weeks, he is definitely seeing someone else.

Naturally, Džäclwyn was referring to Jaanus.

“He is not that kind of a man,” Kärt replied. “And if he has cheated on me, I’d know.”

“*You* wouldn’t know. You’re that kind of a woman, you wouldn’t know. What is it that he did, was he a designer?”

“An architect.”

“They are the most cunning. They sit quietly and draw, always work late... Your man as well?”

“Sometimes.”

“There you go. My dear, you’re a gorgeous woman, you’re young, you’re a dream. You don’t even need to dress up, you can throw on anything, go to a nightclub and see what happens: all kind of rock stars, politicians and everyone else, my god, they will be fighting over you and you say that Jaanus pays no attention to you in weeks! If I were a man, my god, you wouldn’t be able to take a shower by yourself. I bet you haven’t even asked him if he’s seeing someone else.”

“I know he isn’t.”

“You’re just not interested and that’s the worst – you don’t care. Think – if you did find out that he is seeing someone, what would you do? Would you cry your eyes out, would you make a scandal?”

“I’d give him a piece of my mind...”

“If you do only that and don’t cry yourself to death, you don’t really care, my dear. Remember, Pirjo found out that his husband was seeing a Russian hooker every single week and she went full Titanic, tried to drown herself ten times and cried herself crazy, took some pills and then, then what happened? She got a divorce, married that politician, now she’s the ambassador’s wife, shines like a diamond and doesn’t even dream of him. And she keeps saying how stupid she was. If you’re not happy, my dear, then...”

“Are you happy?”

“My husband wants me and respects me. I make him nervous if I have to. I stay out late a couple of nights and he becomes soft and clingy like a teddy bear. Yes, I’m happy.”

When Kärt told her husband that she is going to Munich to the company’s headquarters for three months, he only shrugged and said that if it is good for business then why not. He then adjusted his glasses, lit a cigarette and asked if it is good for business.

“I think so,” Kärt replied honestly. “It’s called nanosmetics, right, there are nanosomes that seep in through your skin. And some new extracts from Sumatra. They’ve invited all the branch managers to Munich where we will get full training. And then there’s Nathalie, I’ve only seen her twice before but this would give me a chance to work at her salon for months...”

Yes, of course Jaanus had heard of Nathalie Leyser, the multimillionaire and sole owner of Leyser Cosmetics, the new goddess of cosmetics, a striking German woman, who looked like young Anne Hathaway even at sixty. The Tallinn branch had been a risky undertaking for Nathalie but for some reason, she had eventually preferred Tallinn to Riga and Helsinki, maybe because of the new bridge, maybe because of the Finnish prohibition law or maybe it was just instinct... but Tallinn was doing great. Many people visited from Finland and there were loyal customers even from Stockholm. Jaanus thought that Kärt should definitely go.

“But Thai would then be cancelled?”

“We can always go around Christmas. Actually, October is not really good for me anymore... I’m sorry, my little lark, but I have a lot of work and I was actually thinking of asking you if we could postpone it.”

And they put it off until December, then pushed it to February, then it was going to be the “find each other again” trip but by that time they were already talking about divorce, which led to cancelling the trip altogether as both of them felt that “there is no point”.

When Kärt thought about it now, she figured that she must have made her decision in Munich because even after a month of separation, she did not need Jaanus nor his tenderness, his touches, words or presence. He was just a man she had slept with and in Munich, he became *one* man she had slept with.

Bayer had greeted her with a warm fall, Oktoberfest, skyletta and news about the god that the Liffänder group had discovered. All the news channels were going crazy over it and the Θ symbol was on every screen, inbetween news and commercials. Kärt paid no real attention to it, to her, it was like everything else the media was raving about, like the civil war in South Africa, the ecological disaster in Greenland or the G-Ex-chambers that were spreading like wildfire.

Kärt was greeted by October with its 25 degrees, masses of beer tourists, skyletta pills that everybody at Nathalie's company was taking and that were said to be so new that they were completely legal, and the three story glass headquarters of Leyser Cosmics in the Ramersdorf district with its people, glamor and the smell of money and aloe.

Marie, Grete and Hanna, the three German women she happened to work with at the salon, introduced her to skyletta. They were all her age... and divorced.

This was no Colombian crap, this stuff was invented in Sweden and everything that comes from Sweden is top-notch, after all, and so far no one had said it was illegal. Everyone with a little bit of money was taking it, all the fashionistas and stars. On the street, one pill cost 80 marks but Nathalie knew a dealer who supplied the Munich elite and he sold the purest laboratory-produced stuff at 60 marks a pop. There are no ill effects or side effects, Kärt's new friends told her, nor is it addictive, unless you were a genetic melancholic, they said and laughed. The name skyletta was said to be a play on the words *sky*, *blade* and *stylet*. This little blue pill will cut you like a stylet and take you to heaven like an express train, try it and you will not regret it...

Kärt did not regret it. The first skyletta clearly told her that she had never experienced happiness and peace, she had never looked into herself, she had never felt herself floating in a sea of joy and freedom... the word *freedom* now had a meaning, a taste and a smell that you could sense and experience.

They never took their daily dose before the weekend when they went clubbing, they did not need it before nor was it allowed. Nathalie herself only took it on Friday nights as well and apparently visited the G-Ex-chamber quite often, some people said the chamber gave you even more of a kick than skyletta, but the two together were literally heavenly. Chambers were popping up all over the place, it was one of the favorite entertainments of the modern elite and one session cost a thousand marks. Marie and Hanna had been to the G-Ex-chamber once, Grete refused by saying that she is too scared and that she had heard all sorts of scary stories about seeing ghosts and hallucinations in there, she felt the whole thing was not right. Grete was from a Catholic family.



Kärt took a quick course in nanosmetics and then learned about the new products. They are magic, Nathalie herself said, it is pure witchcraft, they really make a person younger and this is just the beginning. At the moment, it is only an experiment but in ten years' time, it will become the reality for which people will pay millions of yens and marks. This is a revolution in cosmetics and maybe even in medicine.

Marie and Hanna were chemists, Grete was a former model. Working for Nathalie's company had made them all rich and it was only in Munich when Kärt first realized what a woman's wealth is worth, her dignified wealth, her being able to control and guide her own life.

Suddenly, her life had become... succulent? Vibrant? She could not put her finger on it but she knew that her life had changed. They only ate at the best restaurants, they ate well and none of them cooked at home – they were all secretly astonished when they heard that Kärt cooks for her husband. All of them had housekeepers, Grete's changed every month, sometimes it was a young handsome kitchen hand from a restaurant she had had a nice experience at. Their weekend always started with skyletta and then they partied. They celebrated Kärt's 40<sup>th</sup> birthday in Munich at an exclusive private nightclub with skyletta and black male strippers Nathalie had paid for. The strippers were brought in from Paris and the skyletta straight from a lab in Gothenburg. Some Hamburg DJ played music, he cost more than three thousand marks a night and was sought after by every club in New York.

Grete and Hanna went to private rooms with the strippers and when Kärt had decided – with surprising ease – to do the same, Nathalie came up to her and said that there is a surprise for the birthday girl that was better than these steroid beasts, and kissed her on the lips. The surprise was a G-Ex-chamber voucher, valid anywhere in the world. The second part of the surprise was called Ricky and Georg, probably bodybuilders, they were blonde and with blue eyes, dressed in black suits. They worked like two horses in a double harness, one started slowly undressing Kärt while the other danced and mixed skyletta into her champagne. They were professionals, it was as if even their tongues had been to the gym, they were that tireless. Kärt was slowly drinking champagne and felt as if she was in paradise and the queen of life and that there is sex that can be described as heavenly. It was that ennobling, so *deserving* that calling it cheating would have been humiliating, improper, indecent. There are things no woman should be denied and femininity is one of them. Jaanus, who had first called her his little lark after they had spent a night together on the hayfield under the stars, who had bought a gold ring with his first paycheck, the first teary-eyed kiss from Jaanus' mother, the horror they felt when they found out Kärt would never be able to have children... suddenly, it all seemed distant and immaterial. Before skyletta, before Nathalie, before Ricky and Georg, Kärt did not really know

who she was, who she had the right to be. The hot Munich nights woke her up from a long and dark, sulky and foggy evening, they made her forget routine...

And now here she was, sitting in her kitchen and wondering why all emotion had left her; the ecstasy she seemed destined for in Munich had disappeared and even if Ricky and Georg were here with her, she would let them do anything to her but she would not probably feel a thing. Suddenly, love had become just a word, much like how Džäclyn had once described divorce. She had the complete freedom to decide over her future but even “future” was just a word, an unimportant and immaterial one. She was surrounded by a black and muddy Estonian spring and a loudly ticking clock that they had inherited from Jaanus’ grandmother, and there was an empty wine bottle on the table. Kärt went to bed.

In one month’s time she flew to Amsterdam to attend the annual meeting of Leyser Cosmics where she could present growing sales figures and a 25 percent increase in the number of loyalty cards. This did not mean much, however, they expected more from her, they expressed it politely but sternly. The company had given her a lot, including regular doses of skyletta that were sent to her hidden in cosmetic packaging, it was like an incentive but not only.

Nathalie had told her about it in Amsterdam, “We’re doing trials right now, it can be done in theory. If a client wants to leave our salon completely content and happy, she must get it. A little bit of skyletta in our products makes them feel blissful after a session. And they keep coming back, they get used to it.”

“I thought it’s not addictive?”

“Happiness is always addictive,” Nathalie laughed. “But in all seriousness, it is a kind of mental addiction, not chemical, don’t worry. A client will remember that complete feeling of happiness after visiting our salon. Even you don’t take the next pill because you’re feeling down or you can’t do without it, you take it because you want to feel even better, because you have a right to relax, as you should.”

Although in all honesty, Kärt virtually stopped taking skyletta and the pills started piling up in her cupboard. She did not feel ecstatic anymore, or rather, ecstasy was all around her, it was shouting at her and declaring that she should be happy, it extended its hand to her but Kärt refused. The ecstatic part of her senses was separate, it was not herself, it was like looking in the mirror and seeing yourself in ecstasy while your physical body felt nothing.

The flight back to Tallinn was late, Kärt wandered around the airport and bought herself some things: a few pairs of shoes, a couple of tulip bulbs and a bottle of some green liquor. And some Irish author’s novel that someone had recommended to her but she did not remember who. She read while waiting for the plane and kept reading when the plane finally took off, the book was

well written, she thought: a story about a woman disappointed in her marriage and looking for happiness and her true self. She gets a divorce, oh, of course she does, she decides to become brand new, she dyes her hair, changes her name, loses weight, moves to another city, starts learning art history, even starts wearing contact lenses and then falls in love with a professor much older than her who takes her across the world to visit some museums and look at paintings. They are happy, they are in love. And then her new lover finds out that he has cancer and he secretly leaves her. Elizabeth, that is the character's new name, almost found herself but now she realizes with surprise that her new life and her new self have betrayed her. No matter what she does, she clashes with her new environment. So she decides to do it again: become someone else, find a new self who is destined for real love. She starts calling herself Juliet and goes to Verona...

Kärt had fallen asleep reading, the book resting in her lap, she slept and woke up to someone talking to her. A woman was sitting next to her and she probably had been talking for some time now, ignoring the fact that Kärt was asleep. The woman was saying something about the ocean.

"...there are only waves washing ashore and you're wondering where they're coming from and who has made them and where they are born, and you think that the waves are the ocean. But they're actually not. I've seen the ocean when it's completely still and without any wind. Then you want to walk on it and go further, beyond the horizon, the endless water almost makes you feel eternal and timeless, and there your soul will live on, have you ever thought of it like that?"

"I'm afraid not," Kärt sighed.

"You don't miss faraway places, new lands?"

"I don't know what I'm missing. I don't know what I'm missing for a long time now."

"Then you need guidance, someone who would listen and talk to you. What do you dream of?"

Yeah, I dream of being left alone on airplanes, Kärt wanted to snap, I dream of being able to rest.

"You may be surrounded by more souls who need you than you thought, did you know that?"

*Oh dear god,* Kärt thought.

"Have you ever thought of the journey of a pilgrim?" the woman asked, and without waiting for a reply continued. "You must go alone. At dawn. You need to bring only the necessities, nothing more. You will go humbly, you don't need to pray, but it will help. It is important to have a goal, it is the only thing you need to believe, you need to always remember it. You start your journey confused, stumbling, but with each step you gain more strength. Do not be afraid

to ask! Ask yourself where you are going, why you are going, if you are seeing the light, do not be distracted...”

“And where am I going?” Kärt asked wearily.

“You are going to the city of Sarria, the Samos monastery is near it. You will ask for brother Domingo, his name is Domingo Balaguer, he will help you, he will help you write a book.”

“What kind of a book?”

“Sleep now, you must rest, you must rest a lot. You have a long journey ahead of you and you are too tired.”

Kärt fell sleep again. When she awoke over Hiiumaa Island, the woman was no longer next to her. She did not see her at Ülemiste airport among the other passengers nor could she remember what she looked like or if she had even taken a closer look at her. What is most strange, she could not even remember what language they had spoken in. It must have been a dream, Kärt later decided. Reading caused it, reading stupid books – looking for your true self when you are unable to be happy with what you have. *And you have it all, girl*, she thought. You have money, friends, a house, now you are free, you have a job and you are great all around. Forty is nothing. Love will come when it does, there is no point in pretending, love is not an agreement valid indefinitely.

On the morning of the day after tomorrow she heard that Jaanus had gone missing. Kärt’s former mother-in-law called and asked if she knew something, maybe something had been posted on the metaweb or...

But she had little hope, she was heartbroken, even so much so that all the judgment had gone from her voice.

Jaanus had gone fishing somewhere in Lääne County the day before yesterday. His car was found at the edge of the woods, his boots and fishing rods were in the trunk. The dog had picked up his scent and it led straight to the beach, the pump of the inflatable boat was there but the boat was not found, not in the car nor his house. Kärt knew that beach, there was one deep spot and Jaanus went there often. He never caught a lot of fish, he went there to think and contemplate life. They also found a half bottle of gin from his car and the keys still in the ignition. At home, Kärt logged into Jaanus’ hub but she only found 3D-timephotos and no text. All she knew was that Jaanus had never uploaded those photos, she did not even know that he had kept them, they were old timephotos of him and Kärt from when they had traveled to Tibet, some photos were from Saaremaa and Gotland Islands. Simple timephotos, Kärt looking up, letting her hair down, jumping into water, calling to the mountains, petting a cow and then one very old and regular picture of them in Tartu, one day before their wedding when they had

climbed to the top of the city, to the roof of the Twin Towers and taken photos of themselves there, two young people, on top of the world, the highest point, two young and happy people. Kärt shut off the computer and went to bed. Maybe she cried in her sleep, maybe she did not, she did not remember in the morning. It was a new day, Monday, and she went to work.

It was the first summer of her forties. She took skyletta every Friday out of habit rather than need, as she already knew that she was not going to feel a thing. During the summer she met three guys but none of them could do anything that would make Kärt answer their call the next day. True, she did consider one athlete, but dating athletes was too fashionable these days. All of her acquaintances had had an adventure with a known skier or athlete. This young man, Cenneth-Bretton, had been *pleasant*, cordial, he had taken Kärt to his place from the club, he had even taken skyletta and his touches reminded her of Ricky. He was young, ambitious, he was bound to set a new record or whatever it is these athletes do, and Kärt was not *very* bored with him. It was in the morning, right when Kärt was lying in bed wondering how might that be, the boy woke up and excitedly asked her how she had liked it. Kärt had gone straight home. Even Kärt's sister had once taught her that if a guy asks that question in the morning with all seriousness, he is a jerk.

In the summer, Kärt went to her parents' house in Pärnu-Jaagupi for a couple of days. She had put it off for long because she did not want to talk about the divorce or Jaanus' disappearance but they did not ask. Kärt had an endless list of things she needed to do in the city but she ended up staying at Pärnu-Jaagupi for much longer. Her parents were doing well, her father was working on old 5D TVs, renewing their crystal blocks, her mother was involved with renovating the church and despite her old age had even started going to sermons, although due to Liffänder's discovery, everything with churches and all that was very shaky, there were even riots in some places. Life at Pärnu-Jaagupi, however, was calmer than ever, Kärt's parents had even joined a political party and that did not surprise her either, a lot of people were doing it. The summer was incredibly hot, she went for cool swims in the lake and just hung around the house, doing nothing, and she came across that book again that she had been reading on the plane. And she started reading it again.

Juliet goes to Verona, the holy place of all unhappy lovers, she does not know what she is looking for, maybe a sign, a vision, a promise, a confirmation. She finds work as a beauty technician and a woman visits her who wants to have something like plastic surgery done. They become friends and the woman admits that she is running from a great sin. After some time Juliet discovers that she is bound by the fatal charm and charisma of that woman. No, she is not in love but she is bewitched somehow, entranced, she is very empathetic of the woman's

fear and loneliness, she really wants to help her. And then the woman disappears suddenly, right after Juliet has finished her complicated cosmetics session. Juliet is in despair and feels betrayed again, she discovers that she is subliminally mimicking the way that woman talked, she is copying her gestures and movements, buying the clothes she would buy, she realizes she is combing her hair like she did and using the lipstick she would use. With each passing day she wants to resemble the woman as she first saw her. She is becoming her and she fears it, it does not feel right. What is worse – she feels as if she has sinned horribly, as if she has done something terrible and needs to escape. Her sin weighs down on her and slowly she begins to wonder if abandoning herself was the greatest sin of her life.

Kärt then skipped a few pages, the internal monologues, doubts and suspicions were too much for her – until she saw the word “pilgrimage”. She read on. Juliet had met some priest who thought she was someone else, that mysterious woman, and encouraged her to repent and go on a pilgrimage. “You may not realize it but your soul needs it, while you still have a soul,” the priest told Juliet. “And you will never know, unless you search. A pilgrimage is searching, Fedora, searching and finding. And beginning is most important, taking the first step.” This is how Juliet finds out her new name and she goes to the Holy Land, without really believing in the pilgrimage. She changes her name, goes to Israel but she must not be searching properly because she finds nothing, neither her sin nor salvation. She remains at Lebanon and works as a boarding house keeper, she feels really insignificant and unimportant amidst the happy masses of tourists and it seems she likes that.

Kärt stopped reading for a couple of days, she was picking strawberries, there were so many of them this summer, and contracted some virus that left her bedridden with a fever. Her doctor came to see her from Tallinn and gave her a shot, her mother was making some sort of teas and put wet cloths on her forehead to lower her fever. She remembered talking in her sleep but of what, she could not remember. Many caught the same virus around Pärnu, people said that the summer is too hot and there were rumors that a great illness had been released from the dug up graves near the old church. Doctor Traut assured her that is silly talk and should not be paid attention to. Kärt recovered.

Then came the third time Kärt encountered the word “pilgrimage” and this time it was her mother who said it.

“It was Saint Jacob who helped you,” she said. “I prayed for you, lit a candle in the church and he brought you back like he did with pilgrims in his day. You were really gone. Who is Domingo Balaguer? You were talking of him in your sleep.”

“I don’t know who that is,” Kärt said. “Did I say anything else?”

“Nothing...intelligible, dear,” her mother said distractedly like she always did when she was lying.

Pärnu-Jaagupi got its name after a church that was once dedicated to Saint Jacob. Jacob or Santiago is the saint of all pilgrims and in ancient times, they passed through here often. Some were heading to Santiago de Compostela in Spain, the second most important pilgrim destination after Jerusalem.

The town of Sarria was on the old Pilgrim route and near it was the Samos monastery. Kärt researched all that after she had recovered.

She continued reading the book feeling almost angry, she wanted answers.

In Lebanon, Fedora had fallen in love with an Italian student twenty years younger than her. Her love, Giorgio, was a poor backpacker and world traveler who had had his documents and money stolen. Their love was case over by an ominous foreboding, it was felt between the lines, it was crushing their thoughts.

Giorgio was going blind.

It was an incurable hereditary disease. He too had visited the Holy Grave although he did not believe in God. Fedora and Giorgio made love on the stormy beach among the cliffs and furious waves crashed around them like the heavens were angry. They were two outcasts, one losing his sight, another her soul and neither knew which road to take. “If I am blind, I can only see your soul and your soul will be my eyes,” the young man promised and Fedora cried because she knew that this love was her punishment, as the previous one had been.

Kärt thought that this was terribly melodramatic but she kept reading because she wanted to know why the author was punishing her characters and torturing her reader. Toward the end of the novel, the woman from Verona, the original Fedora, comes to Lebanon to look for her double. She had understood that she had made a mistake by running from the only person who had trusted her. It is fall, she finds the boarding house and in it Giorgio, Juliet is away in town. Giorgio sees poorly and thinks that her beloved woman has returned. And Fedora who also considers herself to be on a pilgrimage for truth and love cannot resist the young man’s affections. She believes that a half-blind beautiful boy who senses and loves is her salvation.

When Elizabeth-Juliet-Fedora returns, she finds them embracing in the jacuzzi. But it cannot be undone. Giorgio curses his disease and God and throws himself off a cliff into the waves. The true Fedora accuses the woman that this is the second time that she has inadvertently become a murderer, right when she believed that she had found pure joy out of truth and love. Who she inadvertently killed before and why, the reader never finds out. However, the fake Fedora traces Giorgio’s footsteps and makes it back to Verona.

She returns to her previous job at the beauty salon and meets a shy Greek girl who also seems confused and disappointed with her life.

“I want to be someone else,” fake Fedora tells her. “I’m running from a great sin. Please change me, help me change me, I don’t want to be this woman anymore.”

Kärt quit reading although there were not many pages left. She did not want to know the ending, she had an idea what it might be. This woman could not become happy, she had searched for her true self and found chaos. But that woman *felt*, she felt too much. She slowly came to realize that there are decisions in life that you can only make once. That hurt. Kärt said goodbye to her parents and drove back to Tallinn. The rains had begun. She left the book behind.

It happened a month later, when she was sitting in her salon and had just asked Šaqiira-Candyca for a new look. She always wanted to change something, try a different color, a different brow arch, a different face, a different self. The radio was playing and Liffänder’s god and G-Ex-chambers were on again, physicists, church leaders and theologians were speaking, they were arguing, their arguments intercut with commercials, best fall travel offers, calls to join a party, “It is your chance to speak up, decide today!”; face cream commercials, “Change your body and soul!”.

“Take it all off!” Kärt suddenly ordered Šaqiira-Candyca. “All of it, I want it the way it was.”

“For heaven’s sake, I don’t remember how it was! Are you sure?”

“I’m not coming to work tomorrow. And not the day after tomorrow. It’s possible I may not come for a long time.”

She packed her things into her car already on the same night, sent a detailed letter to her lawyer concerning her house, bonds, mortgages and her share of the company. She instructed her lawyer to put up a notice in her metaweb hub but not to look for her, she will contact him if she needs to. She left at dawn, speeding south on the M-7 highway through the awakening city. Rain was falling on her windshield when she inserted her credit card in an ATM at Saue and paid the entire highway tax to Spain. It is so simple, she thought, so simple to redeem the road, there is a fee for it, merely 412 marks and the whole of Europe will know of your redemption, every highway camera, every omnipotent eye watching you from above.

As far as the man-made justice machines were concerned, she has redeemed her journey. No one else cared about her redemption. But she had begun her journey, beginning is most important, taking the first step.

\* \* \*



She did not drive fast, she slowly made her way across Europe, sometimes took the sideroads, rested at a hotel, popped into museums, malls and zoos. It must have been at Zoo Frankfurt where she found herself staring at chimps for a long time without knowing why. One chimp silently met her gaze, its eyes sad and empathetic. Even animals feel sorry for me, Kärt thought. The media frenzy over the god the Liffänder group discovered followed her on her journey, there was talk of religious protests, possibility of war, attacks on G-Ex-chambers and the Pope refusing to comment. In some towns, she even considered using the G-Ex-pass that Nathalie had given her but she could not decide if it was what she needed.

Ten years ago, the first G-Ex-chambers were legalized in New Hampshire, then they spread to Canada, North America, China and Japan, and outlawing them seemed pointless. Anyone could make the few hour plane trip to where they were legal. In the age of the Liffänder's God – there were already those who were calling it that – G-Ex-chambers were a possible escape. The technology had been developed ten years ago by a university but the researchers had hit a wall and the business men took over. The right lobe of the human brain could be stimulated with a weak magnetic field – the exact dose and technology were a corporate secret, of course – to activate the brain cells almost programmed for religious experience. The Hershing Group that developed and marketed G-Ex claimed that even Neanderthals were aware of their mortality and were capable of having religious experiences. The left cerebral hemisphere is responsible for self-awareness and if it becomes aware of its mortality, the brain goes into shock. So the right hemisphere started working on a defense reflex – there has to be something more, something that lasts, the consciousness needs confirmation of its immortality. These processes have been hidden, people do not know most of the things a brain does, the consciousness cannot simply accept its inevitable demise, it needs relief, confirmation of immortality, that it will live on, it needs contact, a relationship with its giver.

Apparently most of the religious experiences of prophets and saints stem from the chemical reactions of certain brain cells in the right hemisphere of the brain, when the cells are stimulated by some experience. It may have happened during stargazing in the desert, in a temple, after a difficult physical experience but it can also be evoked artificially. Something needs to activate these brain cells and the Hershing Group had the solution.

Kärt did not use her chamber pass, she went on, from Berlin she more or less followed the pilgrim route, she went through Luxembourg toward Vézelay where the Via Francigena began, which was the French road to Compostela. She kept going south until near Roncesvalles she crossed the imaginary border between France and the Basque Republic.

A week after she had left Berlin, she stepped off the bus in the tiny Samos village, amidst forest-covered mountains. She was not alone, the Santiago pilgrim road was *teeming with* people. They had come from all over the world – from Brazil, the Philippines, Korea, Canada, South Africa, Australia, Mexico, and they kept coming. They were probably driven by fear, the need to be encouraged; the confusion, the knowledge that the world and the universe have changed, that nothing is the same. They needed to see and experience that Santiago road is still there, winding through small villages and beautiful cities toward the cathedral... that may or may not shelter the remains of the saint – actually, even that is not important, what is important is that man still has the chance to find his own path, walk it and feel the truth.

Yes, *they* felt it. They had come from all over the world, they walked, wearing backpacks and carrying walking sticks, their vests covered with pilgrim badges, their *credencial* with seals in one pocket and a water bottle in the other, they were tired but happy because they believed that the road will confirm that the world of man is still the same and they have a right to walk their path to their god. And when they were sitting in taverns at night, eating the pilgrim meals, drinking wine, smoking, deciding who sleeps where in *albergue*'s, singing and playing guitar and sometimes even dancing and telling each other who they are and where they came from, and together they tried to find the answer to *why* they came, they were happy and sad at the same time because they knew that people will never use the word “god” the way they did before.

Kärt had left her car in the small town of Sarria and took the crowded bus to Samos. She had learned something important – Sarria was the last place before Santiago de Compostela where she could have her *credencial* stamped and then walk the hundred kilometers to the cathedral. It was the bare minimum to be able to receive a *compostela* – a certificate that she had walked the Santiago road and redeemed her sins. She felt that she needed that certificate more than the receipt for paying the highway tax.

The view of the light granite monastery buildings of Samosa that suddenly appeared in the bus window were like a vision. Tens of kilometers of narrow and winding mountain roads and then suddenly a massive rectangular building with a church tower filled the window. Kärt felt how the talking in the bus stopped. All of the passengers must have been pilgrims and seen plenty of monasteries during their journey... but the one in Samos had an aura of nobility, silent oppression, determination and assurance. It was afternoon, the air was fresh and it was warm yet cloudy, the trees and the earth were steaming, the wind had died and rare glimpses of sunlight gilded the flag pole on top of the monastery tower.

Samos was, in fact, only comprised of a massive convent building and something resembling streets next to it. This white and red oasis of stone was surrounded by green tree-covered hills, they were in a valley.

There were a lot of tourists, cars and buses, from Germany, Belgium, Hungary. A few of the local guides tried to get people to join their groups so they could take a tour before the monasteries close. The Benedictines go to bed early and even during the day, visitors are only allowed in the church and the cloisters. There was a stone pilgrim statue on a small square, surrounded by people with blissful expressions who were having their pictures taken. The small street around the convent building hosted several small hotels and bars that smelled familiarly to Kärt – like cigarettes and beer. She heard that the *alberque* was already full but that the hotel still had vacancies. She got a room. On the pilgrim road, *albergue*'s are simple and cheap accommodation that many of the monasteries are offering as well. The food they served was enough but austere, some places allowed people to take part in *laudes* and vesper but expected them to follow certain monastery rules, the rooms had no television and there were designated places for smoking and loud conversations. Kärt figured that a secular hotel would suit her better.

*You will ask for brother Domingo, his name is Domingo Balaguer, he will help you, he will help you write a book.*

Here I am, Kärt thought. Sarria and Samos exist, at least. Maybe brother Domingo does as well?

She wandered among the pilgrims, she got asked on walks around the monastery, some old American men were sitting in front of the fountain and playing guitar and harmonica. The smoke-filled café that Kärt finally entered was no different from any other café, it had four bar stools with four tables, all occupied by thirsty pilgrims. They sold beer, wine, cigarettes, nuts and snacks, there was an arcade machine in the corner, a TV mounted on the wall and a couple of backdoors leading to the backyard. The furniture was of cheap plywood, yet the place was... cozy, ordinary and simple in a way. Kärt ordered a beer and a packet of nuts and asked very indifferently if the barman knew a brother Domingo Balaguer.

The man quickly looked at Kärt, he seemed interested in her not the fact she was asking about a monk. Then he said that it is already late but that Domingo will come tomorrow morning.

On the next morning, Kärt walked around the Samos village, she ascended the slopes of the valley through the dewy grass, getting her feet wet. Behind the forest-covered hill, there were grasslands and fields, the trees were heavy with apples, she saw funny looking cows and sheep and the air had the sweet scent of pines. The monastery seemed even larger from the hilltop, it

seemed to fill the entire valley. And she could already spot the first pilgrim buses approaching from afar.

When she entered the bar, the barman immediately pointed to the back of the bar. A man was sitting at a table next to the arcade machine, middle-aged or a little older, his short graying beard might have made him seem older. He had thin hair, also grayish, he was heavysset but not overweight, more like strong and powerful. When he greeted Kärt, he stood up, she saw that he was wearing light blue jeans and a simple white T-shirt. He looked so ordinary, so regular.

“They call me brother Domingo but I’m not a member of the Order. I mean I haven’t given the oath but I follow the rules. You can simply call me Domingo. Would you like coffee?”

Kärt sat down, she was brought coffee and Domingo offered her a cigarette.

“This is so strange, even embarrassing,” Kärt finally said. “I’ve traveled all the way across Europe to look for a man I don’t know and I don’t even know why.”

“People do sometimes come. I’m not sure why or how either.”

The man had light eyes, he was smiling and calm and his voice encouraging.

“So you’re not a monk?”

“Not quite. I live in the monastery but I’m not a Benedictine. At least not officially, more like spiritually. Considering how they revere silence at the monastery but I’m a chatterbox. And you are...”

“No one. A beautician maybe, a regular woman. I don’t even know what to say to you.”

“If you came looking for me, it must have been for a reason or following someone’s recommendation. Let’s start with that and then make our way to how I can help you.”

Kärt started talking. She started with the divorce and the plane, the strange woman who had mentioned Domingo’s name and who might not have existed at all, she talked and did not even notice how time went by. She talked for two hours, she might have skipped some parts but Domingo never interrupted her, he listened, drank coffee and smoked, nodded, he showed no judgment or approval, only interest and compassion. Kärt told Domingo things that she had not even told Džäclynn, she spoke of thoughts that she had not even put into words for herself. The only time Domingo asked something was when Kärt was speaking of skyletta.

“What does it do exactly?” he asked.

“It makes you happy, carefree, you don’t see visions but you feel light and good and you like everything.” And by the end of her talk it was somehow very easy for her to say the thought that now seemed obvious and most likely:

“I don’t feel anything. I’ve lost all my emotions. There is no love, anger, happiness or rage in me. I don’t get excited about anything. Nothing makes me sad or desperate. The world just is and I’m in it. All feeling has been sucked from me.”

“Yet you are on the pilgrim road?”

“Yes, but I don’t feel the same way like all the thousands of other people.”

“You haven’t *walked* the Santiago road yet. That’s most important. Nothing compares to the feeling of having walked the road from start to finish, having started at Pamplona and making it to Compostela, when you finally see the cathedral tower from afar. You have walked that long road, alone with your thoughts and other pilgrims, with each step your destination becomes more desirable and valuable and when you finally get there... You had a goal and you achieved it. If *this* doesn’t inspire a person, nothing does. But I’m afraid it will take more than that to help you.”

“More? Why?” Kärt had not expected that kind of a reply.

“Because you’ve lost your soul,” Domingo said simply and shrugged.

“You mean, like, metaphorically?”

“I mean it in the most practical and physical sense. Nothing theological or philosophical, I mean that you once had a soul like every other person but now you’ve lost it. You are without a soul.”

“That sounds... impossible,” Kärt stammered.

“Oh no, not at all. I’m afraid there are hundreds and thousands of people like you, they just don’t know it. They believe what they know is right and wrong, they think that their values are correct, that economic growth, democracy, human rights, righteous war and all that is all it takes to be a good person. They don’t know that there’s emptiness inside them, where there once was a soul. You’ve noticed that emptiness, you’ve realized that it’s important and, therefore, you’re special somehow, you’ve been chosen. So yes, you don’t have a soul, but I’m not saying that to judge you.” Domingo nodded solemnly and offered Kärt a cigarette.

“But a soul doesn’t exist, it’s just a word,” Kärt muttered.

“There were times when people were sure that “soul” is not just a word. Think of a soul as something beyond human consciousness, think of it as a pet, then you understand. Think of your soul as a dog who you need to care for and get along with, think of a soul as sick person who needs treatment, as a flowering plant that you have planted in bad soil amidst weeds.

Then ask yourself how often do you need to have a soul these days? Is someone making you take care of your soul, is it required by law or by the society? Is someone reminding you that your soul needs care? A dog will run away from you, the sick person will die and the plant

wither. A soul needs feeding, treatment, care, it needs to be loved and mended. You must acknowledge your soul, see it, recognize it and understand that it exists and needs care. People realized that very long ago and it might be the most important piece of knowledge that man has been given.”

Kärt became thoughtful and then said very quietly, “I don’t think that I’m a *bad* person.”

“Oh, you’re not. Most people aren’t. But you’re passive. People don’t say that you have a good heart. Maybe there is something that I can do for you... not right now, however.” He gave a sorrow, almost apologetic smile. “The sermon is about to begin at church and I need to go. I need to care for my soul. But we’ll meet again.”

“But,” said Kärt and then stopped herself. *What am I supposed to do?* Seemed like a stupid question.

“What was the first thing the woman on the plane said to you?” Domingo asked.

“I woke up to her telling me about the ocean, it was a long and muddled story, I don’t really remember.”

“The ocean,” Domingo repeated thoughtfully. “The ocean isn’t far, it’s a little over a hundred kilometers away. The pilgrim road doesn’t end with Comopostela, it goes on to Finisterre, to the edge of the land where the last piece of rock is and from there on, it’s endless water. Sometimes stormy, sometimes quiet. For centuries, people used stars to walk to the edge of the world, they knew that the longer they walk, the closer they get to their soul. Every step on the pilgrim road is a step toward the soul and it stays within you and in your heart, and with each step you want to keep going. But please return, I’ll be waiting for you, thinking of you and praying for you.”

On the next daybreak, Kärt was standing outside the gates of the small town of Sarria, she was wearing a tracksuit, a cap and had her hair in a braid. Her pockets contained only a map, drinking water, her *credencial* with the first seal from Sarria, cigarettes and a few thousand pesetas.

And so she went. She didn’t even need a car because pilgrims kept coming with each passing hour and they all shared the same goal. That road had been walked for a thousand years. One night Kärt even thought she saw a line made up of stars in the sky that was pointing west. She knew it could not be the Milky Way that people from centuries ago were seeing but it was so good to believe. She was not walking alone, there were Lithuanians, Germans, Bolivians, the English, the Greek and so they went, slowly and purposefully, they told their stories by the fire every night, sang, drank wine and continued walking at dawn – Portomarin, Palas de Rei, Arzua...the centuries-old road to the remains of Santiago, toward your soul and the edge of the

world. The road winded through woods and over mountains, past villages with little stone houses and everywhere she met kind and friendly people. She really saw how each step made her companions happier, each kilometer inspired them, she saw anticipation and faith in her friends' eyes. Maybe she understood the phenomenon of walking the Santiago road, how it makes a person look up and see space, how the Milky Way symbolizes ascension, how morning, evening, darkness and light reclaim their meaning and essence, how nature surrounds you and how you need to be a part of it because your soul is a part of nature.

But she herself felt nothing. Even when she was standing with other pilgrims on Obradoiro square, finally facing the two towers of the Santiago cathedral where an endless line of people were waiting to see the remains of the saint in a silver coffin – she asked herself again if she felt something other than what a marathon runner who came 400<sup>th</sup> at a race would feel and if she has now come to realize what happened with Jaanus and why, or what and who she wants to and can love. She stood and asked herself these questions and she did not have an answer.

And when she was looking at the waves crashing into rocks beneath the great stone cross at Finisterre, she asked herself if she had found her soul. She had learnt a lot but... was this it? Exuberance? Skyletta or the Santiago road – which one takes a person closer to heaven? Is it a little blue chemical pill or hundred kilometers of star-guided road toward the blue ocean? Had she buried her soul in those pills? Have artificial joy and exuberance destroyed those feelings inside her that she should be experiencing now, along with the other thousands of people who had walked a long way just to see the waves, the stars in the sky and the stone cross?

Is skyletta the modern equivalent of the Santiago road? There is even the same number of letters in both words. Does a modern person even need the Santiago road if they have skyletta? Maybe man has evolved to the extent that they can induce centuries-old exuberance using chemistry? Maybe this is how it should be? But these thousands of people with her, they did not think that, they did not ask themselves that. They had had an experience.

This place here, it was not a fragment of people's imagination, it existed in nature, it had to have meaning. The stars were pointing toward it and it was the edge of land, there was nothing beyond which was meant to signal you that you have made it someplace and that something within you has become renewed.

Kärt had been away from home for three weeks. In Viimsi, a cold rain might already be falling and fall storms are freshening the air. Yet she did not feel like returning. Maybe her pilgrimage had not yet begun? Maybe she is standing at the end of Santiago road so she could take the first step? *Beginning is most important, taking the first step.*

She climbed the rocky cliff down to the water and dropped the purple pills in the foamy waves.

When her hand became wet, she thought of Jaanus. Water splashed in her face and she did not know if she had been crying or not. If she had, her tears mixed with the warm salty water.

\* \* \*

Next day, she called Džäclyyn.

“My god, where are you?” Džäclyyn practically screamed.

“The whole world is trying to find out.”

“Stop joking, we’ve all been worried about you. My god, you haven’t even been on the metaweb, we were so scared. What on earth are you doing, my dear?”

*Searching for my soul?* She thought but instead replied, “I’m fine. I’m in Spain, no need to worry.”

“Are you on vacation? Are you seeing someone? Be honest, there’s a guy, right?”

“Yes and no.” That was both an honest and dishonest reply.

“That’s what I thought!” Džäclyyn exclaimed. “I said that *straight away* – that there has to be a guy. My god, so it finally happened to you! About time, my dear. Do you have pictures of him? Send one now.”

“It’s not quite what you think. I’m here because of a man but I’m not *with* him and besides...”

“Is he married? Oh, don’t tell me, I already know – he’s married, right? And can’t make up his mind? Well, make him, he has to choose. And if there’s no love, he should get a divorce, he deserves to be happy as well...”

“It’s not like that. Tell me, how are you all doing?”

“*Doing?* We’re panicking to say the least. Nathalie has been bombarding us with questions – where are you, what’s going on, yes, I know you deposited your shares but still, she’s telling us she’s invested so much in you and everything.”

“I can imagine. Tell her that I needed to rest, that I was very tired. What else is new?”

“Well, Šaqiira and I joined a party. We thought we should give it a go. It’s very interesting in a way, you feel like you’re part of something bigger.”

“That’s nice. Listen, I got to go now. Take care!”

“Don’t forget to send us photos. He’d better divorce soon, get it over with. Listen, is he Spanish or...”

Kärt hung up. She stayed in the Finisterre area for another week, resting, people watching and thinking. She heard on the news that several states in the US had legalized G-Ex-chambers and that people were flocking to them, and not just rich people. There were no chambers in



Compostela but there were elsewhere in Spain. They were symbols of economic freedom, entertainment, it was just business, everyone had the right to decide if they wanted to go or not, it had no side effects nor was it addictive. She found the pass Nathalie had given her from her bag and considered going. One hour of loneliness in a dark chamber, wearing a helmet, under the influence of a mild magnetic field, listening to carefully selected sounds, and then there is someone, you see, you feel or sense someone's closeness. One session is expensive, you need to sign papers confirming that you are physically well and will make no later claims. Scientists kept arguing over the true nature of the chambers and the churches were protesting against selling god but in the age of Liffänder's god, there were thousands of satisfied customers who had experienced godly presence. They offered a sense of eternity that you could see and recall, it was not an equation.

When Kärt made it back to the monastery, the trees around Samos valley were already turning yellow. But it was still summer and there were no fewer pilgrims, it was predicted that they would keep coming even in the winter.

Kärt came by car, got a hotel room, asked for Domingo and learned that he would be arriving today. Kärt waited, ordered coffee, smoked a cigarette. The TV was on, it was broadcasting the first interview with Arthur Liffänder in months, the whole world was watching. After his group's sensational publication, he went into hiding, it was said that he was receiving death threats.

Kärt hardly paid attention. For many, this curly-haired American scientist was the new Einstein, to others, the Antichrist. His pictures and statues were burned and destroyed in Texas, Sweden and Korea, and he was also worshipped.

"I'm a physicist," he was now saying live on television. "A physicist, not a theologian. When my group started working, after we had received the sensational data from the planet Gliese g, after the dark matter anomalies were discovered near two other exoplanets, when we had caught the first dark matter particle in the collider, then yes, you are right, we immediately realized that we have discovered something new. Or rather, something very old that had been there since the birth of the universe, but not something passive, something that chooses, decides, creates and organizes. Our group started calling that unknown force God. At first, it was just a word. It was never our intention to offend anyone who is religious..."

The symbol  $\Theta$  flashed on screen, these days it symbolized God, and then the long and complicated equation by the Liffänder group. It had one hundred and forty nine symbols. And in those hundred and forty nine symbols, there was God. Very neatly proved and declared a physical object.

“I’m sorry for being late, I was busy in the kitchen, those dummies don’t know how to correctly measure out marjoram...”

Domingo had appeared so suddenly that Kärt flinched. She got up, they embraced and kissed on the cheek.

“I knew you would come back,” Domingo said.

“And I knew you would be waiting,” Kärt replied. “But I thought you were watching TV like everyone else.”

“He has nothing to say that we already don’t know and the rest is a carefully measured out filler. There is an equation, it’s valid and proven and we can’t escape it. But tell me about yourself.”

Kärt handed the *compostela* to Domingo, the seal on it was faded, there had been so many who received the certificate that day.

“I went to Finisterre,” Kärt said. “And then I lived in Muros for a week. I was enchanted by the ocean, I got attached to it.”

“And did you feel something when you were by the ocean?”

“Sadness. Yes, I think I was sad. There were so many people, some were exuberant, some cried but I almost sensed Jaanus in some way, maybe he tried to forgive me.” She recalled the feeling by the ocean, the sadness over the union of two people that had inexplicably ended and that nothing else can fix.

“The Santiago road might not be the answer. It might be the first step so you’d know what questions to ask. I walk the Santiago road every year,” Domingo said after Kärt gave a long description of her journey. “I search for what it is I’m searching and every time I find something new that I never knew to search for. I think these are the secret corners of my soul that I can rarely access. But it makes me aware that I have a soul and I thank Santiago. And God.”

“And all of this?” Kärt gestured toward the TV. “This new God, Liffänder’s God?”

“Many are confused,” Domingo nodded. “I guess I was as well. But now I think that we should consider this good news. It is confirmation to everything we’ve believed in...”

“I thought it was the exact opposite,” Kärt interrupted.

“I said *believed*,” Domingo repeated. “It was an essential discovery, now we know exactly what and where is the God we believe in.”

“He’s in that equation,” Kärt agreed. “ $\Theta$  is... oh, I don’t exactly know what it equates but...”

“No, no, no,” Domingo exclaimed. “Listen!”

Kärt shook her head but then tried to pay attention to what Arthur Liffänder was saying from across the ocean.

“...and the DNA strand. And the only answer is that life isn’t accidental, it’s designed and organized, it’s preplanned and realized. Discovering the Gliese g and Michio b moons and determining their age set us off on the right direction. Our Moon balances our planet’s orbit, it prevents big storms and catastrophes from occurring and gives us our seasons. The Moon is so necessary for life on Earth to steadily develop and thrive that without it, we wouldn’t be here. And we used to think that the Moon came to be randomly. That it was some giant asteroid that collided with the newly formed Earth and quite literally chipped it. Over time, gravity and dark matter shaped it into our Moon. Exactly the same, exactly at the right time has happened to other planets as well, I think that even to millions of others as well. The likelihood of this being random is virtually nonexistent...”

“I don’t quite understand that,” Kärt admitted.

“Alright,” the TV show host said. “We understand that it is as if some force in the universe is preparing planets for life.”

“Exactly right,” the scientist replied. “It is said that the lord moves in mysterious ways and that’s exactly right. He has his work station, his tools and his methods. Let’s imagine it like this – he has dark matter in his one hand and dark energy in the other, in his head, there’s a Thought of everything and he has uttered the words: electromagnetic force, weak and strong force, gravity and their precise proportion and we have life! Twenty years ago, dark matter and dark energy were thought of as antipodes. Now we know that they are the tools of one great mind. We discovered the dark matter particle, the lisitron, these particles are all around us, invisible, galaxies cling to them and they flow through the Earth. And that particle told us the truth about the birth of the universe. Before, it was thought that dark energy and dark matter are opposites – our work has proven that they aren’t, their behavior is guided by a conscious mind. We may call it the theory of existence, our mathematical model joins the mathematics of atoms and galaxies, it joins the behavior of gravitons and lisitrons and there lies the entity, that consciousness...”

“And the symbol of this mind has been the source of controversy all over the world?” the TV show host carefully asked. “This mysterious  $\Theta$ ?”

“ $\Theta$  makes life possible,  $\Theta$  creates life, yes.  $\Theta$  arranges the DNA strand but...”

“But  $\Theta$  has no relation to the morality of man,” Domingo muttered and Liffänder said the same,

“There is a force responsible for the creation of the universe. But that force has nothing to do with human behavior and decisions, it doesn’t define good and evil...”

The broadcast was suddenly cut off. Colorful lines flashed and white noise filled the air. The satellite transmission had been interrupted and another newscaster, a young woman appeared

on the screen and announced that an angry crowd had overrun the studio and sabotaged something, demanding the heretical show be stopped. They will probably be able to continue soon. Domingo gestured to Kärt, they got up and went out.

“The universe started with a seed,” Domingo said. He fished out a nut from his pocket and showed it to Kärt. “A good old nut. Just one bite. Yet it’s a miracle that it can grow into a tree that will grow tall and give birth to tens of thousands of seeds like this. We see life forming biologically, physiologically, chemically but until now we didn’t know what was it that made it all happen. Now we know. We have an equation. Not everything in the universe has a dull regularity to it, from the formation of galaxies to a caterpillar turning into a butterfly – it is arranged by  $\Theta$ . We know the answer to the question if God can create a rock too big for him to lift. And the answer is no. There is always more of  $\Theta$  than there is matter, much like it is impossible for an object to travel at the speed of light, there can never be more matter than there is dark energy force. We got an answer to the question if God is omnipresent: yes, he is. And we got an answer to the question if he can create a new universe: yes, he can. God exists.” “But this is a God of physics laws, it is not a God whose kindness and love we could believe in?”

“Not the least. This equation contains no love, good or evil, right or wrong. It has a will, intellect, decisions, deliberation or if you wish, an indifference toward the life it has created.  $\Theta$  doesn’t care what we do, how we do it and why we do it. We could worship and serve that equation, consider it sacred, pray to it, make sacrifices to it... but it wouldn’t notice because it doesn’t care.”

“Then how can it be good news?” Kärt asked. “If God is a force of nature, why did he create life?”

“Because he can,” Domingo replied with a solemn shrug. “The emergence of life isn’t accidental, it’s arranged. He hasn’t sent any messiahs to Earth, he doesn’t talk to any man no more than gravity does.”

“Still, how?”

They had been walking along the only street in Samos and they saw through the windows of houses that the broadcast was continuing. Tourists and pilgrims were gathering around television sets, trying to catch every word. Domingo, however, stopped in front of a statue of a pilgrim: a little bronze man, walking stick in hand and a pouch over his shoulder, he seemed to be faithfully looking toward the west, his expression thoughtful and humble.

“You probably saw this on your journey,” Domingo said. “You saw the thousands who still believe. They want to believe. They believe what I’ve believed all along and maybe my friends

the Benedictines don't quite agree with me, maybe back in the day I would've been burned at the stake for these thoughts. But now my faith is even stronger. We have a soul, Kärt. Ø didn't give it to us. He is just a force of nature, an equation, nothing else. A universal force and consciousness but not the God whose existence we've always wanted to believe. Yes, now I'm absolutely certain, more certain than ever before that man is not alone in this world. The God who I've always believed in is the one who gave man his soul. He gives us right and wrong, free will, freedom of choice, he makes us human. I'm talking about the pure God, the one real God who is not a force of nature. We will never put him in an equation, weigh or measure him, the *only* thing we can do is believe that he exists. God is a word, not a number. Kärt, do you realize that as long as we believe that, we are human. This is the fight between good and evil; if we believe that we are soulless biological units, we are lost."

"But birds and animals, do they have a soul?"

"What do you believe? If you believe that they might have a soul and a right to live here, then you must make room for them in your soul as well."

"And when did I lose my soul?"

"When you stopped searching. Every person has one soul and every spiritual journey must take us closer to it. If we are taken elsewhere, on the wrong path, then we're making our souls become more distant and when we keep pushing it – with skyletta, for example – the soul goes. It disappears and fades. But you must stay, please, stay until I finish my book."

"What book?" And then she remembered the woman on the plane, *his name is Domingo Balaguer, he will help you, he will help you write a book.*

Domingo showed it to her in a few days, she did not even see him before that, he did not come to the bar, he must have not left the monastery at all when he was writing. The book looked like an expensive store-bought guest book and it probably was. When he was flipping through the pages, Kärt noticed that half of them were covered in messy, chaotic handwriting.

"This is the book of your soul, the chronicle of your lost soul. All words and no equations. Sit down, would you like a coffee?"

"Something stronger," Kärt said. "So this is the book you are going to help me write?"

Kärt drank a cold sherry and lit a cigarette. She watched Domingo flip through the book but did not know what to think.

"The chronicle of lost souls?" she asked surprisedly. "And you have written these before?"

"Tens, I think, but I'm not counting. I told you you're not the only one. Once I took photos of people, now I photograph their souls. I was a photographer in the city of Burgos. Who I am now – I don't know. I simply do what I need to do."

“How did a photographer become a monk? Wait, let me guess – because of a woman?”

Domingo nodded. “Has anything other than love ever been the cause of something important?”

It had been the love of his life, too big, too strong, too special for it to have lasted. It was a very simple story actually, no drama, no class or ethnic differences.

She had been his neighbor and they both had understood that Domingo’s feelings for her were too strong and hers too weak. They did not let it begin and it was over before it could have a sad ending. Pilgrims had walked past Domingo’s window every morning, so it was a natural decision for him to go as well. He went by foot and at dawn, he walked the whole road, stayed at Samos, went to Finisterre and came back here, stayed another night, another day and then a whole week. Then he stayed. Then a woman came by, an Irishwoman, she had come from Verona, she was unhappy and confused. The woman had come to the Santiago road to search for her true self, her happiness, but it seemed nowhere to be found. She thought she had lost her soul and that is what she said and Domingo suddenly felt that it is true. They started talking, she was a good storyteller, engaging. She needed someone to confide in, confess to, someone to answer her questions. What she said sounded so good that he felt the need to write it down. He got an empty book from the visitor center of the monastery and started writing at night, by hand and in candlelight. He wrote down the first line, read it and... to his amazement realized that he had written something completely different than what she had told him. But so it began. At one point they started coming, the ones who had lost, sold, left, renounced, forgotten or forlorn their soul. They just came and told their story and Domingo wrote. He does not know why they came and how they knew to come.

“That Irishwoman published the book that your wrote,” Kärt said.

Domingo shook his head. “No,” he firmly said. “She didn’t.”

“I’ve read it,” Kärt said. “Not till the very end but still. It’s a bestseller, it’s even sold at airports.”

Domingo stood his ground but offered no more details.

“Do you still love her, that girl next door?” Kärt finally asked.

“Of course,” he said with amazement. “Of course I love her. But I don’t have the right to tell her that anymore, I don’t have the right to see her. For a long time, I haven’t even had the right to own a photo of her, although I took so many.”

They were quiet for a while until Kärt picked up the book. It felt much heavier than she had anticipated.

“Do I need to continue writing it? What should I write?” she asked.

Domingo thought for a long time before answering. He seemed to be choosing his words or trying to decide how to say something unpleasant.

“Nothing is random,” he finally said. “It’s for a reason that I can write these books, that Liffänder discovered god, that you came here, that you have taken skyletta, that you have lost your husband, that you decided to take the first step at the end of the Santiago road. Your book is complete, Kärt. There’s nothing more I can add. It’s your turn. The book only says what has happened.” Domingo sighed and squeezed Kärt’s hands. His touch was not erotic at all, it only contained worry and pain, Kärt felt for the first time how much pain there was. “Kärt, you can’t read the book yet. Under no circumstances.” He was almost whispering.

“So what can I do? What do I *need* to do? Should I visit the G-Ex-chamber?”

Domingo shook his head. “I’ve been to the chamber once and I experienced nothing. I mean, I can’t tell you what to do, it’s not my right. The Vatican is against chambers that offer religious experience but I think it’s futile. If someone does step out of the chamber and declares they are the new messiah, they wouldn’t be taken seriously. Instead, people keep their experience to themselves, it’s too personal, too serious.”

“There are a lot of channels on the metaweb where people are discussing their experience.”

“And they will stay on the metaweb. Millions of people have trouble communicating and are only used to doing it on the metaweb but the metaweb will never be the birthplace of new religions. I actually do believe in Hershing’s technology, I believe that brain cells are really capable of experiencing God but the G-Ex-chambers only simulate that experience, nothing more. It’s similar to having your nerve cells simulated in a lab and achieving orgasm – it’s a loveless act, there is no other person, just wires. You get a very shallow experience of true love, you realize what love might be like. Saints experience God and their soul directly, without an artificial stimulus. G-Ex only proves that this experience is possible and as far as I know, Hershing has never claimed that they know *all naturally* occurring stimuli that might induce a religious experience in man. The true experience still remains a mystery. But as far as what you should do... maybe consider that since you took the first step at the edge of land, where should you take your last?”

“At the beginning of land?”

Domingo silently lowered his gaze, muttered something, Kärt did not hear what, it might have been in Latin. Then he looked up, his eyes wet with tears, made the sign of the cross above Kärt, leaned across the table and kissed her on her forehead. He got up, nodded, took a deep breath and stumbled out, his every move heavy with the realization that he would never see her again.

Kärt picked up the book from the table. She resisted the temptation to open it, it was heavy. When she had picked it up, she discovered an envelope with a photograph beneath it. The beauty of the girl in the photograph was quite impossible to put into words. It was natural, nanosmetics could have added nothing to it. Her complexion was from the south, her features from the north, her eyes were joyous and full of laughter, playful and tragic, the look of her hair, the wonder and spring freshness of it filled the whole room. That girl had a soul and a secret that had once cost a young photographer from Burgos his whole life. People go to live in monasteries for girls like this. And girls like this make them change the world.

\* \* \*

Kärt left Samos but stayed in Spain. She drove her pilgrim road aimlessly, the book on the backseat of her car, from hotel to hotel, from town to town. She heard people damn Liffänder as if something had been taken from them. She caught some of the news: in Korea, some deranged members of a Christian sect were attacking physics institutes; in Arkansas, some members of a sect shut themselves in a church and promised to burn themselves if Liffänder is not punished and the dissemination of his theory banned.

She asked herself if she wanted to go home. It would be an option. What is there for her at home – she will probably reinstate her share of the company, make money in nanosmetics, maybe she will even join a party, someone will probably convince her to. And even if someone does not – would it change anything? Every step on the Santiago road will remain in your heart? Those steps are there, she remembers the pilgrimage but she still does not feel the need for love. She could find a man when she gets home, it would not be difficult, they would start living together, sign a partnership agreement, it would be a transaction.

At home, she would continue selling herself. To her company, to the party, to mortgages, to her partner, to her friends – yes, even to them. She would be looking for her true self and happiness and she would stay looking, selling herself.

But there is another choice. Searching for her soul, walking the road she started at Finisterre. Wherever it takes her, she does not need to sell herself walking it.

Kärt had the intense wish to read the book Domingo started but she resisted. First, she had to finish another book. It was already fall and she bought a new copy from Barcelona. She went to an outdoor café, ordered a double espresso and read, although she had an idea how the book would end.



The woman, who does not want to be Fedora anymore, flies from Verona to Rome and then to Brazil across the ocean. She is convinced now that sometimes there is no such thing as your true self, she might search for it and believe that she has the right to keep making new choices, do away with the old, keep choosing and abandoning, and every choice will make the next easier and more permissible. We do not have the right to do that infinitely and hope that someday we will have washed off everything else, leaving only our true selves, true happiness and true lives. Usually, people need to adjust to the important choices they have made and if she is not meant to find her true “self” that can experience happiness, she must make her peace with that.

She woke on the plane to the woman next to her talking. At first, Fedora had heard her talking through her sleep, then her speech became clearer until she finally opened her eyes. The woman was telling her of a quiet ocean that might be seen very rarely but that might still exist. Even the ocean can be quiet sometimes, calm like a bay during a windless sunset.

The woman asked something, she asked if she was happy, what she was looking for, she seemed annoying and intrusive, she invaded the personal space Fedora felt strangers do not belong in. Finally she said that Fedora should go to the São Cristóvão convent and ask for sister Consuelo. If anyone can help you in this world, it is her, she will help you write the book. This is the last time Fedora sees her, it is as if she was not on the plane and Fedora thinks it was just a dream. Yet she starts going toward São Cristóvão and learns on the way that there is a sister Consuelo there, she is very surprised, maybe it is a miracle... But she does not make it. She dies in a car crash.

She carries no ID, no one knows her, she is an unidentified body. She had tried being several people and in the end, she is no one. She is buried in an unmarked grave. The drowsy local priest starts reading a prayer over her grave but does not finish, after all, he is out there alone. This is how the novel ended.

Mixing reality and imagination, Kärt figured. So much confusion and ambiguity. Yet she realized that if Domingo had written a book for her, the author did not reveal its content in her novel. Instead, she had let her protagonist die unhappy, without finding her happiness and true self. She must really hate herself.

But the woman that appears in planes flying above water is real, she exists. Saint, spirit, angel – whoever she is, she exists.

In Barcelona, Kärt made a reservation for the G-Ex-chamber. She thought she would have to wait for a long time but Nathalie’s chip card got her special treatment. She felt as if she was at a beauty salon, polite staff led her into a dark room, they explained the rules to her, she agreed

to everything, signed the papers, she was placed in a comfortable recliner with a helmet on her head. She heard mellow dreamy music that led her to the sky, toward the stars, toward the dark unknown. Her eyes were covered, only her consciousness and senses remained – and then... someone, she should have sensed the presence of someone.

Kärt lost track of time. She was alone in total darkness. Yes, she was traveling, fumbling, searching, she thought that she had been doing it for an eternity, yet she sensed no one. Maybe she heard whispers in the dark, breathing, maybe someone passed her who was searching like her. She remembered someone else's experience where they saw themselves from above, like their heads had been removed from their bodies, they had out of body experiences and met creatures who have not always been friendly. There are those who have exited the G-Exchange chamber screaming from fear, raving about ghosts and demons.

Kärt experienced nothing like that. There was just darkness and unintelligible whispers, no God. She did not feel warmth or closeness, someone's presence, there were only whispers. Kärt did not see the whisperers, she did not see anyone. Time did not exist, yet the whispers turned into tens, then hundreds. All the voices were repeating these words, canonically and rhythmically:

*Then you want to walk on it and go further, beyond the horizon, the endless water almost makes you feel eternal and timeless, and there your soul will live on...*

She could recognize the whisperer now. It was the woman from the plane. She would whisper this sentence over and over again, finishing and starting again, like she wanted Kärt to finally understand it. And so on.

The understanding came to her slowly.

The woman on the plane had brought her Jaanus' last thoughts.

And right when the light flashed before her eyes, it was as if she saw a ghastly grotesque face that was not human. But she knew this was not the first time she had seen that face.

\* \* \*

Where to now, Kärt thought. Where should I fly to? What is the last step toward the beginning of the world?

Menorca Island could be the beginning of the world. At least for Kärt, in its intactness and ancient beauty. The regulations of the convention for the protection of unique biospheres had put an end to mass tourism twenty years ago. The local government had given human apes non-human person rights and Gibraltar had soon followed suit. The hotels had been turned into

research centers for marine biology, zoology, biochemistry and botany. All important universities had a branch on Menorca and all that, including UNESCO funding, compensated the lack of tourism for the islanders. Hobbyists, travelers, students and business men were still allowed on the island but their arrival was subtly limited. And people gradually lost interest: there were too many scientists, it was too quiet and too boring.

Kärt happened to see an article about Menorca in which it was referred to as the beginning of a new world. She did not hesitate for long, she flew across the sea and rented an empty villa in the eastern part of the island. She was living there now and during the first months with seignior Artemon, the others came later. Seignior Artemon was a chimp. Early one morning when Kärt was sipping coffee on the balcony, the chimp came down from a palm tree, stared at Kärt for some time, noticed the fruit bowl on the table and thought it necessary to investigate further. He had understood quickly where he is welcome and what is forbidden – he seemed to be respecting that agreement as long as there was fruit on the balcony.

Kärt heard that people had bought and stolen the apes from European zoos and released them on Menorca because local law forbids their capture and ownership. Enthusiasts and animal rights activists brought the animals to Menorca in secrecy, they were transported on small yachts and released on the coast, they were officially brought by scientists since it was now illegal to keep them in laboratories and they needed to count on the willing cooperation of the animals instead.

And even a few months later when the others arrived – and Kärt figured they might not be the last – seignior Artemon stayed put as he realized quite quickly which rooms he is no longer allowed in.

Kärt stopped using the metaweb and she had not looked at a newspaper or a television screen in months. However, world news kept reaching her, she heard them at restaurants and bars, her neighbors were discussing them, she heard them talked about at the marketplace. There was no escaping news, they kept following her and declared loudly and rudely how things were changing.

Liffänder's god and skyletta were taking the world by storm. Wars had broken out, it was unclear between who. Several countries had given a death sentence to Liffänder, the turmoil spread to Europe, people were scared because the universe was controlled by a mysterious mind. Naturally, everybody had their own opinion of Liffänder's god, the media was overflowing with contradictory theories, physicists were arguing, the religious were fighting, the politicians were postponing elections, crowds were swarming the G-Ex-chambers and taking skyletta. The Catholic Youth League occupied the Notre Dame and declared themselves

an independent republic. They found followers elsewhere, the police got involved, the military got involved, lives were lost and people demanded Christianity be declared the state religion in the constitution. The Pope had fallen ill, it was said world-class psychiatrists were brought to the Vatican in secrecy. The European Confederation made a joint statement that the recently discovered mysterious consciousness should be notified of the European shared values and human rights, scientists were called upon to work on that. This brought even angrier crowds to the streets, this time also physicists, philosophers and astronomers.

In the midst of confusion and chaos, skyletta was spreading like wildfire.

Joy and exuberance, peace of mind and a sense of release became increasingly legal and cheaper with every day. “Our God is in Heaven,” their slogan said.

Skyletta made you forget the secrets of the universe, skyletta made you feel secure, skyletta eased your troubles. You could enjoy life without abandoning your responsibilities, with no side effects and addiction. Skyletta paired with the G-Ex-chamber ensured complete certainty and a godly presence triggered a perfect sense of happiness.

But that time started coming to an end as well. Kärt heard stories of skyletta “eating your soul out” and then even the G-Ex-chamber cannot help you, you become incapable of experiencing anything. It was said that several companies secretly put skyletta in their products and that people are consuming it unknowingly. Those who have taken it for too long and too much do not feel anything anymore. The human psyche becomes accustomed to skyletta, maybe because people adjust. And then skyletta does not work anymore and you do not feel anything, nothing makes you sad or happy, you are as if without a soul, empty in a world gone crazy. Skyletta swept across Europe, with each day the number of emotionless, indifferent and disinterested people grew, they did not experience anything, not even in the G-Ex-chamber. Skyletta had numbed their senses.

One such person stood outside Kärt’s house on a gray January morning. Her name was Aište, she had come from Kaunas and she was the first.

“I don’t know exactly why I’m here,” she said. “But I’m looking for Kärt. A woman on the plane said that you can help me. Are you Kärt?”

“Come in,” Kärt sighed.

By spring, five people were living in her house, five women who had been looking for happiness and their true selves, gotten divorced, decided, searched, decided again, gotten lost, taken skyletta, searched for God in the G-Ex-chamber and now they did not feel happiness or sadness, they did not feel themselves or their souls, the magnetic field did not stimulate them. They needed help and wanted to help each other. The only thing Kärt could offer them was

closeness. They sat and talked of their lives, drank wine and smoked cigarettes. They just talked, without skylletta and the magnetic field, without using the metaweb. The wintry Mediterranean winds were howling over the roof, they sat and talked. If there was one thing they needed, it was someone to confide in.

Seignior Artemon considered them kin, he was protective of them and sometimes Kärt thought that he felt sorry for them. The chimp's eyes were different when he looked at Kärt, they showed understanding and kindness, care.

On one early spring morning, the chimp had stolen an apricot from somewhere and came to offer it to Kärt. She was sitting on the balcony, drinking coffee and smoking. She took the apricot and rubbed his head.

"Thank you, friend," she muttered. "I'm beginning to think that you're the only one in this household with a soul."

The ape jumped from the chair, ran in the house and came back, holding the book Domingo wrote. Kärt had kept it on her nightstand, she wanted to tempt herself but she had not opened it yet.

"Last step?" she thought. "If the world must start over, then honestly, why the hell couldn't it happen today and on Menorca?"

She opened the book and delved into Domingo's difficult handwriting. She had hoped to find a story, a written confession of her soul and journey but that is not what she was reading.

The first pages were very confusing, many unfinished words, disjointed sentences, as if someone had tried to describe a mental image that they had only seen briefly. She made herself read on, she focused and labored, gradually she began to understand and she felt how a cold fear was spreading in her bones, scratching her skin and stretching its icy tentacles toward her brain.

She was reading of a woman who had lived thousands of years ago when the human world was still young. She was not happy, her life was hard but she had loved and with that, she was content. Domingo had seen her just once, virtually on her dying moment but it had been enough. The soul of that woman did not die, it lived on in the next woman and then in the next. Kärt read the sentences that brought her images, words and thoughts from centuries ago, it was the story of *her* soul that had traveled from person to person, a journey full of suffering, sadness and sorrow, yet also full of joy and the love for life. That soul was meant to suffer and search, again and again, to hope and be content with little.

Kärt had murdered that soul. *I am a murderer. I have murdered something invaluable.*

“This is the soul you were given,” Domingo had written at the end. “This is its story and you can see that it has been a story of forsaking, accidents and suffering but it is the way of that soul. All the women it had inhabited before recognized their soul and carried on its life. Several of the women who had your soul before you were considered holy, they made miracles happen, they were special and some were despised because of it, some gave their life.

Saints have never been happy, Kärt. God, the true and pure God of the soul has made some people suffer instead of others. You were not looking for your soul, you wanted to live the lives of those who your soul needed you to suffer for. What now, is this the end? I do not think so, you have a tough soul. It is a miracle it has survived, it is so important and crucial. But nothing is ever a coincidence, my dear. You must finish this book as there are many empty pages. This is to confirm – your soul has something important in store for it. And one more thing, your soul has always and forever been bound to another soul. Alone you are broken, find the other soul and then you can finish the book.”

Kärt closed her eyes, her pulse was high, she was hyperventilating. She felt as if she was going to pass out, she must pass out, there were clouds before her eyes... But what Domingo had written, its content and aim – it seemed so clear now. Yes, God *is*, the god who we see in the mathematical equation of the universe. There it is and there it will be, arranging gluons, gravitons and lisitrons. But there is something else for which we do not yet have a word. That something makes a chaotic life into a life with a soul, yet there can never be an equation for it, it can never be proven, only believed in. It was only a matter of time before we would discover the model of the mathematical god of the universe and *it* had been slowly but surely preparing us for that moment. We can artificially simulate the experience of its presence but we cannot simulate Its true touch. Yes, we can stimulate our brain cells and maybe that enhances our natural senses because it is the only way for us to hear the distant echoes and whispers of our soul.

A new world is being created, full of hopelessness and loneliness in the midst of the countless galaxies of the dark matter ocean, one speck of dust on the worktable of the mathematical god, dust he might not have noticed or has forgotten about long ago. But *someone* had picked up that speck of dust and breathed life into it. As long as we believe that this life-breather exists and lasts, we are not alone.

There have been people who have sensed the life-breather more strongly than others. They are destined for great things – convincing others that the life-breather is necessary and exists.

Kärt had murdered her soul, rejected the soul bound to her, ruined it. Here, on Menorca, there must be something very special so that she can mend that broken connection and continue

walking her predestined path. Seignior Artemon's face proves that, she now knew. She had seen it at Zoo Frankfurt and in the G-Ex-chamber, it was the same face, full of regret and understanding.

Kärt heard the sound of jet engines. The image came to her like a very clear dream – her sitting on a plane that is flying over endless water and talking about the ocean, the pilgrim road and of someone who might be able to help to the woman sleeping next to her. She passed out, the sound of the plane became increasingly louder.

Seignior Artemon looked at the unconscious woman for a long time. Her soul was traveling the skies, flying above water, omnipresent, searching for others like her, convincing herself and others that now, more than ever before, people must believe that they are not simply a random combination of atoms that some consciousness of a distant indifferent force thought up. All living things have a soul and it can never be proven with an equation, everyone must experience it for themselves. They will probably be helped by a guide. Someone capable of miracles.

“Yes,” seignior Artemon said after looking at Kärt for some time. “It seems we will make it, my little lark.”

## 1. American English elements in *The Chronicle of Lost Souls*

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In the 20<sup>th</sup> century, English became a global language of unprecedented proportions – compared to previous global lingua francas such as French or Latin, English has a much greater reach that spans continents and countries. As a result, there are several varieties of English that are spoken throughout the world – in the former colonies of the British Empire which includes parts of Africa, Asia and the Americas but also Malta, Australia, New Zealand and Ireland. As a result, English is a pluricentric language.

Despite the different pidgins and dialects that have evolved over time due to prolonged exposure to English-speaking colonists, tradesmen or missionaries; nowadays, the two dominating varieties of English are British English (BrE) and American English (AmE). According to Scotto di Carlo (2013: 62), “American English is used as a lingua franca or a second language by people in many parts of the world, including East Asia (Japan, South Korea, Taiwan, the Philippines, and China); the Americas (excluding the former British colonies Canada, Jamaica, and the Bahamas), and Liberia, in Africa.” British English, on the other hand, is mostly used in the former colonies of the British Empire.

Although it is generally agreed that the differences between the two varieties are not great enough to cause serious misunderstandings, there are still notable differences in grammar (such as verb forms, use of prepositions etc.), sentence structure, punctuation, spelling, stress, vocabulary and most importantly, pronunciation. Apart from pronunciation and spelling which are most easy to detect, the more subtle differences such as those in vocabulary, sentence structure, style etc. may often go unnoticed by the average learner or speaker. A study conducted among Swedish high school students with the aim of investigating the students’ awareness of the differences between British and American English found that with regards to vocabulary, only 30 per cent of students could identify the origin of given words correctly (Lindell 2014: 25).

Despite the growing tendency to mix the two varieties both in speech and writing (which is occasionally referred to as Mid-Atlantic English); in education, it is advised to be consistent in using one or the other variety (Modiano 1996: 5). According to Modiano, inconsistent use of the varieties may also lead to several unforeseen communication problems such as confusion



over measures and weights, misunderstandings over punctuation or even social difficulties when the reader identifies spelling differences as mistakes which in turn causes the writer to lose credibility (1996: 5). Other common problems stem from words and phrases that have different meanings in the two varieties or are, in fact, not understood at all as they have fallen out of use in one variety. In order to avoid such misunderstandings, it remains important to be aware of the differences between the varieties and aim to be consistent especially in formal and academic circumstances.

In the translated story *The Chronicle of Lost Souls*, the author has endeavored to be consistent in their use of American English, the elements of which will be thoroughly described in the following subchapters.

### 1.1. Spelling

Historically, the differences between AmE and BrE spelling can be attributed to a number of factors. In 1828, *An American Dictionary of the English Language* by Noah Webster was published which was the first American dictionary to clearly outline certain American spellings and omit certain British ones in addition to documenting “distinctively American vocabulary” such as *skunk* and *chowder* (Merriam-Webster Online Dictionary 2015). Webster was a nationalist and a proponent of a spelling reform and although some of his proposed changes never took root, a number of simplified forms he included in his dictionary such as *center* and *plow* (BrE *centre* and *plough*, respectively) are the AmE standard to this day. Nowadays, despite the general trend toward adopting American spellings in BrE, a number of key differences remain fixed in both varieties such as the BrE use of *u* in *colour* or *honour* (Modiano 1996: 107) or the AmE *tire* vs the BrE *tyre*. There are also spellings that are acceptable in both varieties, for example *industrialisation* and *industrialization*, although it should be noted that the use of *-ize* is generally considered to be a feature of AmE (e.g. *analyze*, *realize*, *recognize* etc. but it is not an Americanism; see more below) with the exception of *comprise* that is spelled with *-ise* in both varieties (Modiano 1996: 109).

There are several notable spelling differences between AmE and BrE which can be divided into different categories based on the mechanics of the changes (Tirban et al. 2012, Mařák 2006, Modiano 1996). Each lexical item with a different spelling in BrE and AmE that is

present in the author's translation *The Chronicle of Lost Souls* is outlined in the following table. The table also highlights the nature of the difference and aims to emphasize the author's conscious choice in choosing AmE spellings and remaining consistent within this paradigm.

**- or / - our**

<b>Estonian</b>	<b>AmE translation</b>	<b>BrE</b>
<i>värv</i>	color	colour
<i>värviline</i>	colorful	colourful
<i>lemmik</i>	favorite	favourite
<i>naaber</i>	neighbor	neighbour
<i>pingutas</i>	labored	laboured

**- ter / - tre**

<b>Estonian</b>	<b>AmE translation</b>	<b>BrE</b>
<i>keskus</i>	center	centre
<i>meeter</i>	meter	metre

**- nse / - nce**

<b>Estonian</b>	<b>AmE translation</b>	<b>BrE</b>
<i>kaitserefleks</i>	defense reflex	defence reflex

**- ll / - l**

<b>Estonian</b>	<b>AmE translation</b>	<b>BrE</b>
<i>rändur</i>	traveler	traveller
<i>reisis</i>	traveled	travelled

**- in, - im / - en, - em**

<b>Estonian</b>	<b>AmE translation</b>	<b>BrE</b>
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<i>garanteerima</i>	insure/ensure*	ensure
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### **- ise / - ize**

Although this difference (e.g. *realize* (AmE) and *realise* (BrE); *symbolize* (AmE) and *symbolise* (BrE), etc.) is often cited as an important spelling difference between the varieties, this is not the case. The online Oxford English Dictionary states, “The form -ize has been in use in English since the 16th century; although it is widely used in American English, it is not an Americanism. The alternative spelling -ise (reflecting a French influence) is in common use, especially in British English.” As such, adding -ize is a common verb forming mechanism in English (terrorize, sterilize etc.) and not unique to American English. (ODE 2010: XV)

### **Dropping - e, - ue, - me**

<b>Estonian</b>	<b>AmE translation</b>	<b>BrE</b>
<i>sisse mässima</i>	envelop	envelope
<i>etteheide</i>	judgment	judgement

\* Although Modiano lists *ensure/insure* as belonging to BrE and AmE, respectively (1996: 112), the contemporary definitions are inconsistent with this. The online Macmillan Dictionary defines *insure* as “to regularly pay an insurance company an amount of money so that they will give you money if something that you own is damaged, lost, or stolen, or if you die or are ill or injured” and *ensure* as “to make certain that something happens or is done”, which suggests two semantically different verbs. The online Oxford Dictionaries offers an explanation, “In both British and US English the primary meaning of insure is the commercial sense of providing financial compensation in the event of damage to property; ensure is not used at all in this sense.” Although both dictionaries point to the fact that *insure* may be considered the AmE spelling of *ensure* in a few very general senses, the words do not share a completely identical meaning.

Other spelling differences that are not included in the above table due to the lack of examples found in *The Chronicle of Lost Souls* include (AmE listed first and BrE equivalent second):

- -e and -ae/-oe: anemic/anaemic; ameba/amoeba etc.
- -able: likable/likeable; blamable/blameable etc.
- -yze/yse: analyze/analyse; paralyze/paralyse etc.
- use of hyphens: nonprofit/non-profit; counterattack/counter-attack etc.

## 1.2. Vocabulary

Due to the prevalence of American media, television and movies, American lexical items are slowly but surely becoming the global standard and also infiltrating BrE at an ever-increasing rate. The process tends to be one-sided, however, as BrE has little effect on AmE and as a result, a number of BrE lexical items sound old-fashioned to AmE speakers or, at times, even remain incomprehensible (Modiano 1996: 18). A study published in 2011 that compared the diachronic corpora of BrE and AmE with regards to changes in stylistic features such as average sentence length, lexical density etc. found that over the period 1961-1991/2, “the vocabulary was enriched in three text categories of British English – Press, Prose and Fiction, over the observed period /--/. The strongest intensity of these changes can be noticed in the Press category.” (Štajner et al. 2011: 82) This exemplifies the overall tendency of BrE to adopt AmE lexical items, while as AmE is moving toward simplification (see 1.5. for more details).

According to Zhang, the lexical differences in AmE and BrE can be divided into three groups (2009: 71). Firstly, there are words with the same meaning but different forms, for example:

- *candidature* (BrE) and *candidacy* (AmE)
- *transport* (BrE) and *transportation* (AmE)
- *sparkling plug* (BrE) and *spark plug* (AmE)

The second group consists of lexical items that are the same word in both varieties but have different meanings, for example (Zhang 2009: 71; Modiano 1996: 22):

- *bill* in AmE is “a bank note” but in BrE “a demand for payment”
- *public school* in AmE is “a municipal-run school” but in BrE, “a private school”

- *bomb* in AmE means that a theater performance was not successful but in BrE, it means it was a great success

Thirdly, there are words that share the same referent but describe it with a different word, for example (Zhang 2009: 72; Scotto di Carlo 2013: 67):

- *railroad* (AmE) and *railway* (BrE)
- *bar* (AmE) and *pub* (BrE)
- *intersection* (AmE) and *crossroads* (BrE)

Even if these differences seem inconsequential at first glance, the Corpus of Contemporary American English (the COCA) search results reveal a clear cut line in the use of these terms in the two varieties. As the COCA is the largest AmE corpus with more than 385 million words (see 2.1. for more information on the corpus), it would indicate if the AmE and BrE terms mentioned in this chapter had become interchangeable or are used equally as much in AmE. However, search results and frequency data reveal this is not the case (the frequency number is given in the brackets):

AmE	BrE
candidacy (2461)	candidature (8)
spark plug (172)	sparking plug (0)
highway (20155)	motorway (128)
windshield (3616)	windscreen (242)

Thus, the correct choice of word depending on the chosen variety and remaining consistent within that variety is very important. In *The Chronicle of Lost Souls*, the author always opted for the AmE variant of any given term, a selection of which is outlined in the following table.

The table consists of several parts: the original Estonian term, its AmE translation as it occurs in *The Chronicle of Lost Souls*, the BrE equivalent of the same term, the grouping of the term (according to the above classification) and notes/comments on the word.

<b>Estonian</b>	<b>AmE translation</b>	<b>BrE</b>	<b>Group</b>	<b>Notes</b>
<i>(auto) esiklaas</i>	windshield	windscreen	3	AmE speakers understand the BrE variant but “it is not used” (Modiano 1996: 90; see also the COCA frequency data in the above table)
<i>öömaja</i>	accommodation	room and board	3	in AmE, <i>accommodations</i> is also possible
<i>ilusalong</i>	beauty salon	beauty parlour	3	Modiano also recommends <i>beauty shop</i> for AmE (1996: 27)
<i>pagasiruum</i>	trunk	boot	3	in AmE, <i>boot</i> is rarely used in the meaning of “trunk”
<i>buss</i>	bus	coach	3	BrE speakers also use <i>bus</i> but only to denote a means for local transport; a <i>coach</i> is for longer trips. AmE speakers use <i>bus</i> in both meanings (Modiano 1996: 38)
<i>baar</i>	bar	pub	3	In BrE, using <i>pub</i> is much more common (Zhang 2009: 72)
<i>aed</i>	backyard	garden	2	for AmE speakers, <i>garden</i> is a place for flowers and vegetables and not a lawn; thus, although the terms are mutually understood, they are not always freely interchangeable (Modiano 1996: 49)
<i>üürima</i>	rent	let	2	BrE also uses <i>hire</i> for cars but in AmE, you can only <i>hire</i> people (Modiano 1996: 52)
<i>puhkus</i>	vacation	holiday	2	for AmE speakers, <i>holiday</i> denotes the specific days workers do not have to go to work – <i>vacation</i> is used for longer periods of being free from work and often

				traveling; the BrE <i>holiday</i> encompasses both meanings (Modiano 1996: 52)
<i>haige</i>	sick	ill	2	in AmE, <i>ill</i> and <i>sick</i> are synonymous but for BrE speakers, <i>sick</i> often means “vomiting” (Modiano 1996: 54)
<i>segane, hulluksläinud</i>	crazy	mad	2	although both words are used in both varieties, in AmE, <i>mad</i> can also mean “angry” (Modiano 1996: 59)
<i>järjekord</i>	line of people	queue of people	3	both are common in BrE but <i>queue</i> is not common in AmE (Modiano 1996: 71)
<i>ookean</i>	ocean	sea*	2	according to Modiano, AmE speakers use <i>ocean</i> for large bodies of water and <i>sea</i> for smaller ones; while as BrE speakers do not make that distinction with <i>sea</i> (1996: 76)
<i>pood</i>	store	shop	2	for AmE speakers, <i>shop</i> is a “small retail establishment”, e.g. “gift shop” but not a larger facility (Scotto di Carlo 2013: 67, Modiano 1996)
<i>vest</i>	vest	waistcoat	2	according to Scotto di Carlo, “The British ‘vest’ is an American ‘undershirt’, and what Americans mean with ‘vest’, is the British ‘waistcoat’.” (2013: 68)
<i>mees</i>	guy	bloke, lad	2	although Zhang claims that in the informal sense, <i>guy</i> would never be used in BrE as it means “a ridiculous figure” (2009: 71), the author found no confirmation to this neither in the Cambridge or Oxford online dictionaries; thus it

				will be treated as inconclusive
<i>kiirtee</i>	(super)highway, expressway, freeway	motorway	3	in AmE, the term <i>motorway</i> is considered archaic and has fallen out of usage (Modiano 1996: 62, Zhang 2009: 72)
<i>seinakapp</i>	cupboard *narrow meaning	cupboard *wide meaning	2	according to Scotto di Carlo, the word has two different meanings in the two varieties: in BrE, it is used for all kinds of storage units but in AmE, it is strictly for kitchen storage which is the case in the translation (2013: 66)
<i>kolme-korruseline</i>	three story	three-storey	1	according to the Macmillan Dictionary and Oxford Dictionaries, <i>story</i> is a strictly AmE spelling of a “level in a building”; additionally, the AmE tendency of hyphenation is also followed in the translation
<i>õdus</i>	cozy	cosy	1	according to the Macmillan Dictionary, <i>cozy</i> is the strictly AmE spelling of the word

\* However, looking up *sea* and *ocean* in the online Oxford Dictionaries and the online Macmillan Dictionary reveal that this difference is not so clear-cut. Both define *sea* almost identically, “the large area of salt water that covers most of the surface of the Earth” (Macmillan) and “the expanse of salt water that covers most of the earth’s surface and surrounds its land masses” (Oxford) which, according to Modiano, should be the definition of *ocean* to AmE speakers and not that of *sea*. Looking up *ocean*, however, re-enforces Modiano’s original statement as Macmillan lists the third definition of *ocean* as “*MAINLY AMERICAN* a large area of salt water that lies along the coast of a country. The usual British word is the sea” and Oxford confirms this with the example sentence “they scramble across the beach to the ocean and plunge into the surf” in which the BrE speakers would use *sea* instead of the *ocean*. Thus, although the difference between the terms is not as clearly outlined as a learner might



originally assume, AmE speakers are, in fact, more inclined to call large bodies of waters *oceans* than BrE speakers are.

In the translation, the author used *ocean* for large bodies of water and *sea* for smaller ones (e.g. when referencing the Mediterranean Sea).

### 1.3. Grammar

Although grammatical differences between AmE and BrE are often overlooked in favor of discussing spelling and pronunciation, there are still notable dissimilarities in the grammar systems of AmE and BrE. These include but are not limited to use of the definite article, use of tenses, subject/verb agreement and prepositions (Modiano 1996: 124). Although these differences rarely cause misunderstanding between the speakers of the two varieties, they might be considered ungrammatical. *The Chronicle of Lost Souls* was translated into AmE and therefore follows AmE grammar rules that are outlined and illustrated with examples in the following tables and paragraphs.

According to Modiano, the dissimilarities between AmE and BrE verb forms may be the “most well-known” difference to English speakers (1996: 125). This is a systematic change: BrE uses *-t* inflection while as AmE applies the *-ed* ending, e.g. *burn*, *burnt* (BrE) and *burn*, *burned* (AmE). An exception to this rule is BrE *fit*, *fitted* and AmE *fit*, *fit* and the AmE *got*, *gotten* as opposed to the BrE *got*, *got* (Modiano 1996: 125). Other irregular forms include *lit*, *forecast*, *knit* in AmE as opposed to *lighted*, *forecasted* and *knitted* in BrE (Tirban et al. 2012). The following table lists examples of the aforementioned AmE past tense use in *The Chronicle of Lost Souls*.

<b>Estonian</b>	<b>AmE translation</b>	<b>BrE</b>
<i>põletati</i>	burned	burnt
<i>oli saanud</i>	had gotten	had got
<i>õppis</i>	learned	learnt
<i>lõhnasid</i>	smelled	smelt

The use of the definite article is another well-documented dissimilarity between the two varieties. Generally, AmE uses the definite article to a greater extent, i.e. “study at the

university” and “go to the hospital”, whereas in BrE, these forms are considered incorrect as the definite article is dropped, “study at university” and “go to hospital” (Modiano 1996: 126). Some expressions, however, such as “on average” (BrE) and “on the average” are both accepted in AmE (Modiano 1996: 126). In *The Chronicle of Lost Souls*, the author adhered to the AmE paradigm of definite article use; thus, certain expressions such as *in the winter* are always written with a definite article. According to the online Oxford Dictionaries, BrE often omits the article and uses *in winter*, i.e. “the tree has a good crop of berries in winter”.

Prepositions is another grammar point in which there are a number of differences between the two varieties. For example, in AmE, a name is *on the list* and in BrE, it is *in the list*, something happens *at the weekend* in BrE and *on the weekend* in AmE (Zhang 2009: 70). In AmE, people *cater to* and in BrE, *cater for* (Modiano 1996: 127) and there is also a greater tendency to omit prepositions before “day”, “week” or “certain day” (Zhang 2009: 70):

I’ll see you on Monday. (BrE)

I’ll see you Monday. (AmE)

The same applies when “home” is used in the adverbial sense:

Is he at home? (BrE)

Is he home? (AmE)

An example of this from *The Chronicle of Lost Souls* can be found in the translation of the phrase “mis teda kodus ootab” – *what is there for her home* – in which “at” is omitted.

The following table contains a few other examples of AmE preposition use in *The Chronicle of Lost Souls*.

<b>Estonian</b>	<b>AmE translation</b>	<b>BrE</b>
<i>aastaid</i>	in years	for years
<i>poole</i>	toward	towards
<i>ümber</i>	around	round

Subject-verb agreement is markedly different in AmE than in BrE. In BrE, collective nouns such as *army*, *audience*, *company*, *committee*, *family*, *majority*, *orchestra*, *panel*, *parliament*, *team*, *union* etc. are often followed by a plural verb but in AmE, the verb is always in singular (Tirban et.al: 2012: 988, Modiano 1996: 128, Lindell 2014: 13). This regularity is also found

in the translated short story *The Chronicle of Lost Souls* in which collective nouns such as *police* and *government* are always used with a single verb.

Another marked difference between AmE and BrE lies in the position of articles with “half”. According to Zhang (2009: 72), “In British English, “a” follows “half”, for example, “half a dozen”, “half an hour”, “half a mile”, and “half a pound”. In American English, “a” is put in front of “half”, for example, “a half dozen”, “a half hour”, “a half mile” and “a half pound”. In *The Chronicle of Lost Souls*, the Estonian phrase *poolik džinnipudel* was thus translated as “a half bottle of gin”, following the AmE convention of article use.

## 1.4. Punctuation

Punctuation is the one aspect that is most often overlooked when comparing the BrE and AmE varieties. To the Estonian speaker, who is used with strict comma usage, the flexibility of English can often seem daunting and omitting commas where they would naturally be placed in Estonian, seems odd to many Estonian language learners. Moreover, there are punctuation differences between the BrE and AmE varieties as well that are often overlooked by language instructors and learners alike. Although these differences are often subtle and rarely affect the meaning of the sentence or the phrase, they should be noted. In the translated story *The Chronicle of Lost Souls*, the author endeavored to be consistent and adhere to the AmE punctuation convention as much as it can be defined in today’s tendency of freely mixing the two varieties.

One of the more notable aspects of punctuation that is often taught in schools is the Oxford or the serial comma that was traditionally required to be used in all texts by the Oxford University Press (Oxford Dictionaries 2011). This is a comma that is used before “and” or “or” in a list of at least three items in order to avoid confusion. However, the subject has become debated and the comma is currently defined by the online Oxford Dictionaries as “optional”. This makes Modiano’s statement (1996: 130), “in BrE there is no comma after the second to the last item, for example BrE “the cover has red, white and blue flowers.” In AmE there is a comma following the second to the last item in a listing, (AmE “the cover has red, white, and blue flowers”)” contradictory to both the modern and traditional definition. Thus, the author treated the serial comma as optional and used it only to avoid ambiguity and omitting it otherwise.

Hyphenation is another commonly recognized difference between AmE and BrE. In BrE, a hyphen is often used in compound nouns (such as *blood-pressure*, *oil-painting*); in AmE, the hyphen is usually omitted and the compound noun is written as two words. The same applies to spelling, as in BrE, it is common to use *co-operation* but in AmE, *cooperation* (Modiano 1996: 130). Another tendency in AmE is “for the form to be one word and in British English for the form to be two words, e.g. pay day” (ODE 2010: XVI). Another example of this is *buck tooth* in BrE and *bucktooth* in AmE. These spelling tendencies were also followed in the translation *The Chronicle of Lost Souls*.

## 1.5. Style

Although there are many different dialects, registers and ways of expressing oneself in every variety of English, broadly speaking, BrE tends to prefer longer, stricter and more formal language use, while as AmE is often considered to be more straight to the point and informal. Even with certain grammar rules, AmE tends to be more lenient, for example the adverbs “yet” and “already” can be used both in the past and past perfect tense in AmE as opposed to only the past perfect tense in BrE (Zhang 2009: 73):

I haven’t bought one yet. (BrE, AmE)

I didn’t buy one yet. (AmE)

Similar leniency applies to the position of adverbs in a sentence. In BrE, adverbs usually follow the first auxiliary verb; in AmE, they can either precede or follow it. In AmE, for example, both “You probably could have done it yourself” and “You could probably have done it yourself” have the same meaning (Zhang 2009: 73). In addition, as was pointed out in the “Vocabulary” subchapter, the differences in vocabulary not only show a tendency toward simplification<sup>1</sup> in AmE but outline some crucial differences regarding certain vocabulary choices in a given context. An AmE speaker is very unlikely to use words such as *row*, *fancy* or *chap*, or even understand terms such as *lorry*, *afters* or *brainwave* (Modiano 1996: 25, 33, 58). Using words such as these marks a text as decidedly BrE which is the reason they are deliberately absent in *The Chronicle of Lost Souls*.

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<sup>1</sup> As many common BrE terms have fallen out of use in AmE and/or have been replaced with less archaic ones such as *airplane* (AmE) instead of *aeroplane* (BrE), *office* (AmE) instead of *chambers* (BrE), *cookbook* (AmE) instead of *cooking book* (BrE) etc. (Modiano 1996: 25, 36, 40)

The simplification in AmE language use can also be extended to sentence structure and length. A study published in 2011 that compared the diachronic corpora of BrE and AmE with regards to changes in stylistic features such as average sentence length, lexical density etc. found that over the period 1961– 1991/1992, “Average sentence length had a statistically significant decrease in the Press and Learned text categories in American English and no statistically significant changes in any of the four text categories in British English.” (Štajner et al. 2011: 84) Therefore, while BrE has retained its original sentence length and complexity, that of AmE experienced a significant decrease in two of the four categories studied.

Although *The Chronicle of Lost Souls* was translated in AmE, the translator was to a certain degree obligated to follow the characteristics of the original text, often regardless of the general stylistic tendencies of AmE. The original author of the text is known for his specific style that employs long sentences, non-linear sentence constructions and often context-based storytelling. The translator endeavored to retain the author’s style as much as possible, often foregoing the AmE tendency to simplify and shorten but still remaining consistent to other conventions and stylistic features of AmE.

## 2. Corpora in translation work

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### 2.1. The historical use of corpora and the needs of a translator

The importance of using corpora in translation work has only risen to prominence in recent years as an increasing number of corpora have become available electronically. Compared to the first electronic corpora, the sizes of modern corpora have increased exponentially and the fast internet speeds are capable of delivering complex searches and results within seconds. Modern corpora, such as The Corpus of Contemporary American English (COCA), which is also the focal point of and main tool used in this thesis, now contains more than 385 million words of AmE from 1990 to 2008 (Davies 2009: 160). This is nearly four times more than the British National Corpus, making it one of the largest still growing corpora of any language as 20 million words are added to it annually. This makes the COCA also an important monitor corpus of American English, unlike most other corpora that are static (Davies 2010: 448) or unbalanced due to specialization (Xiao 2010: 147–148). Its focus on American English aside, the COCA is not a specialized corpus. According to Mark Davies, the main creator of the COCA, the texts in the COCA are “evenly divided between spoken (20%), fiction (20%), popular magazines (20%), newspapers (20%) and academic journals (20%)” which ensures not only a comprehensive overview of the developments in each of the genres but allows for diachronic data comparisons as well (2009: 161).

Currently, corpora are mostly used in corpus linguistics and analysis, which focus on studying language features and patterns. According to Daniel Krieger (2003), “A corpus-based analysis can investigate almost any language patterns--lexical, structural, lexico-grammatical, discourse, phonological, morphological--often with very specific agendas /--/”, which is the main use and aim of modern corpora. Although corpora are used in translation and contrastive studies as well, especially multilingual corpora such as parallel corpora, their use in traditional translation work is mostly secondary with linguistic research taking precedence (Xiao 2010: 159) and the resource being especially useful for lexicographers (Clear 1986: 385). This is not to say translators never use corpora but it does seem to be a resource that is often overlooked or dismissed. This sentiment was echoed as early as 2002, during the First International Workshop on Language Resources for Translation Work and Research that was held in Spain, where Federico Zanettin, a Professor of English Language and Translation at the University of

Perugia stated<sup>2</sup> that, “Corpora and corpus analysis software have been around for quite a long time, but their use is only now beginning to extend beyond a restricted segment of language professionals, such as lexicographers, language engineers, as well as linguists in educational and training institutions.”

Whether the situation has changed over the past decade is difficult to tell as there are no official statistics other than anecdotal evidence on how often and readily modern practicing translators utilize different corpora in their translation work. However, some research into what translation agencies, for example, define as translation tools or sources their translators use did not include any mention of corpora (other than custom in-house databases) out of the ten randomly picked foreign and Estonian translation agency websites that were visited<sup>3</sup>. The tools mentioned most often were word processors and translation memories. When the agency also offered specialized translations such as medical, legal, etc., they had hired specialized translators, i.e. professionals in certain fields. This is the crux of the problem at hand: in order to translate a specialized text, the translator needs much more contextual information than a regular bilingual dictionary can offer. For area specialists, this is not problematic as they are already familiar with the field, usually having worked or still working in it. However, specialists are often difficult to come by and more often than not the average translator is left with the task of producing specialized translations in fields they are not familiar with. While this problem could be solved through doing background research, using specialized dictionaries or consulting relevant specialists, the time crunch translators are consistently operating under and the lack of compensation for the extra time spent make going to specialized sources an unprofitable act. The translator needs to both “decode and comprehend” the text at hand (Bowker 2012: 2), they need to understand it before they can translate it. Thus, a great resource for translators would be one that combines both specialized and general knowledge but does so within relevant contexts (Bowker 2012: 5) – all criteria that corpora fulfill.

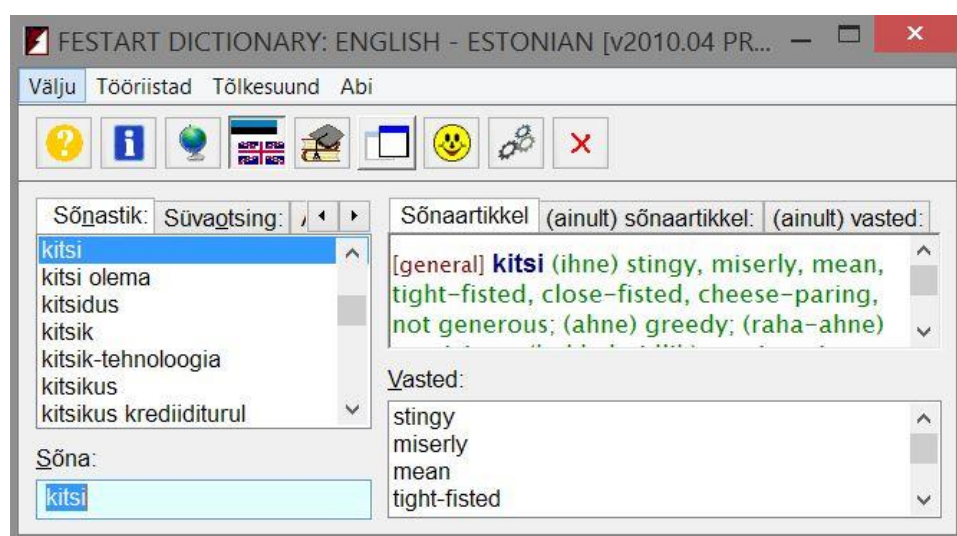
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<sup>2</sup> A PowerPoint presentation and a corresponding pdf file of each speaker’s presentation is available on the workshop’s homepage at <https://files.ifi.uzh.ch/cl/yuste/postworkshop/download.html>; the quote used is taken from the text file.

<sup>3</sup> *Foreign*: Lemontranslation.com (Austria), Bosch Translation Services (USA), wintranslation (Canada), Moravia (the Czech Republic), Lexicon (Greece); *Estonian*: Interlex, Mariland, Luisa, Lingo, Dussan.

## 2.2. Using the COCA in translation work

According to Duruttyova, corpora is not only an “efficient aid” in translation work but also an invaluable tool for producing high-quality and natural-sounding translations as they provide actual context-based examples of language use (2012: 107–108). This, in turn, will make any corpora-based choice of term more contextual and will give it a higher degree of accuracy as far as specific contexts and registers are concerned. In addition to contextual information, most corpora have several other functionalities as well. For example, Bowker emphasizes the importance of frequency and/or terminometric data in corpus-based search results – when a regular dictionary offers several synonymous translations with no other distinction other than their order which is merely indicative of the degree of the match, corpora also offers (among other things) data on frequency. For example, when using a regular electronic bilingual English-Estonian dictionary (in this case, Festart Dictionary) and searching for the Estonian “kitsi” as in someone who avoids spending money and opts for cheaper alternatives, the dictionary returns:

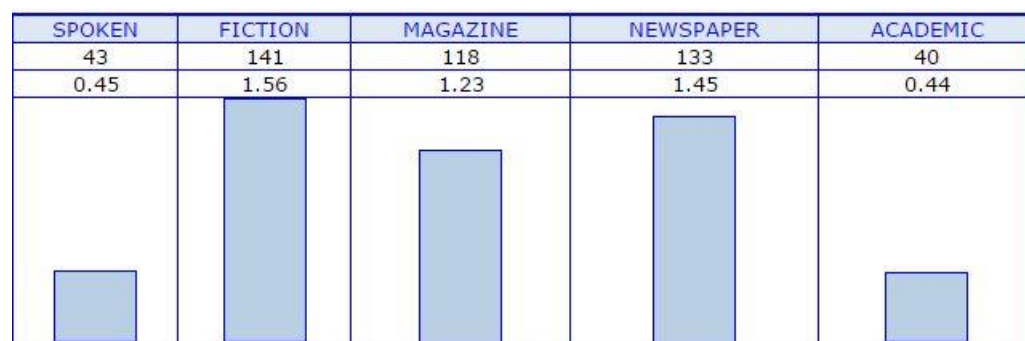


Without prior knowledge, it would be difficult to navigate these terms – *stingy* seems to be the best match as suggested by the dictionary but is it context-appropriate? Consulting the COCA resolves this issue quickly as frequency data reveal that *stingy* is, indeed, the most used of these (534) with *miserly* coming in second (189) and *tight-fisted* third (66)<sup>4</sup>. However, when looking at the contextual sources of the term, it becomes evident that while the word is commonly used

<sup>4</sup> *Mean* has been omitted due to its other meanings (e.g. *malicious*, *evil*, etc.) obscuring the frequency results.



in several genres, it is the least used in ‘academic’, thus giving the translator valuable information on the context-appropriateness of the term.

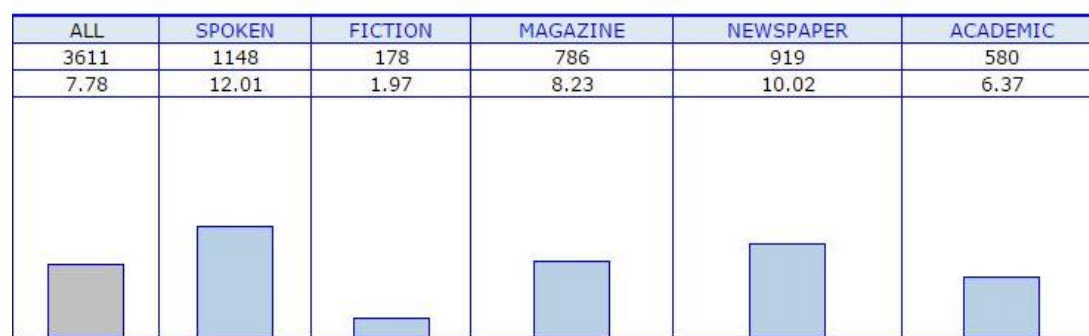


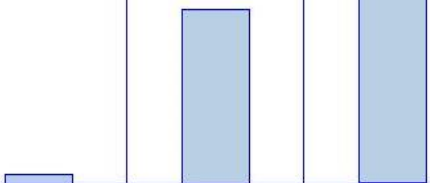
*Example 1*

Although it can be argued that similar results can be achieved by conducting simple search engine searches (as Google also offers frequency information, for example), the actual contextual information is still extremely scattered and cannot be properly gauged other than in very general and questionable generalizations.

Some other relevant and useful functions in addition to term frequency include (i) diachronic data, which gives information on the temporal relevance of the term; (ii) genre relevance, which shows the genres in which the term is most used; (iii) Keyword in Context indices; etc.

Moreover, in case of the COCA, “The query syntax allows for a wide range of searches, including words, phrases, substrings, parts of speech, lemma, collocates, synonyms, customized word lists, limits by genre and by time period, or any combination of these” (Davies 2009: 169). As demonstrated above in Example 1, not only does the COCA give information on the frequency of the word use and the corresponding genres, but also offers temporal data. For example, when searching for the word “blog” and clicking on the “chart” option of the corpus interface, the researcher can see the most prominent genre in which the word occurs (in this case, spoken) and its rise to prominence over the last two decades (diachronic data).



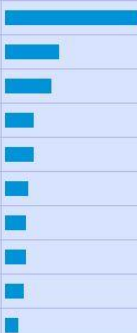
1990-1994	1995-1999	2000-2004	2005-2009	2010-2012	SECTION <b>SPOKEN</b>
0	0	104	2169	1338	
0.00	0.00	1.01	21.26	25.78	
					# TOKENS <b>1148</b>
					SIZE <b>95,565,075</b>
					PER MILLION <b>12.01</b>

### Example 2

Although diachronic data may not be the most useful feature when it comes to the needs of a regular translator, it still offers valuable contextual clues, for example on the relevance of the term in the modern day and age.

Various searches can be conducted in the COCA by using simple search operators. Among these, the possibility of retrieving data on collocations is especially important, its vital role in education and language learning often emphasized (Srdanović 2014; Wu 2010). Although there are other means of obtaining information on collocates such as printed and online collocate dictionaries, they often fall short in several key aspects, for example in size, and offer limited results and no complex searches (Wu 2010: 3). As the number of collocates is immense and the rules governing collocations and freezes (as explained and studied in the upcoming chapter) only partially documented, resources such as corpora offer invaluable information regarding their occurrence and use.

The simplest way of obtaining this information is through a simple search using search operators. For example, entering *[j\*] lunch* will produce results of all adjectives that collocate with *lunch*:

1	<input type="checkbox"/>	FREE LUNCH	477	
2	<input type="checkbox"/>	REDUCED-PRICE LUNCH	188	
3	<input type="checkbox"/>	REDUCED LUNCH	161	
4	<input type="checkbox"/>	LATE LUNCH	99	
5	<input type="checkbox"/>	SUBSIDIZED LUNCH	98	
6	<input type="checkbox"/>	LIGHT LUNCH	81	
7	<input type="checkbox"/>	LONG LUNCH	72	
8	<input type="checkbox"/>	QUICK LUNCH	71	
9	<input type="checkbox"/>	HOT LUNCH	66	
10	<input type="checkbox"/>	EARLY LUNCH	46	

### Example 3

The same can be done with phrasal verb collocates, for example *[give] up [vvg\*]* (i.e. all forms of give + up + gerund verb form):

1	<input type="checkbox"/>	GAVE UP TRYING	128	
2	<input type="checkbox"/>	GIVEN UP TRYING	112	
3	<input type="checkbox"/>	GIVE UP TRYING	62	
4	<input type="checkbox"/>	GIVEN UP LOOKING	38	
5	<input type="checkbox"/>	GIVE UP SMOKING	27	
6	<input type="checkbox"/>	GAVE UP SMOKING	22	
7	<input type="checkbox"/>	GIVING UP SMOKING	22	
8	<input type="checkbox"/>	GAVE UP LOOKING	18	

#### Example 4

As mentioned before, the COCA can also be used to search for strings of words, for example *love the [n\*]* (i.e. love the + any noun):

1	<input type="checkbox"/>	LOVE THE WAY	356	
2	<input type="checkbox"/>	LOVE THE IDEA	242	
3	<input type="checkbox"/>	LOVE THE FACT	197	
4	<input type="checkbox"/>	LOVE THE GAME	139	
5	<input type="checkbox"/>	LOVE THE GUY	77	
6	<input type="checkbox"/>	LOVE THE SHOW	76	
7	<input type="checkbox"/>	LOVE THE PEOPLE	72	
8	<input type="checkbox"/>	LOVE THE SMELL	65	
9	<input type="checkbox"/>	LOVE THE LOOK	51	
10	<input type="checkbox"/>	LOVE THE MUSIC	51	

#### Example 5

The string can be as long as the user wishes, and even searches like *love the [j\*] [n\*]* (i.e. love + the + any adjective + any noun) yield results, albeit a limited number:

1	<input type="checkbox"/>	LOVE THE WHOLE IDEA	5	
2	<input type="checkbox"/>	LOVE THE MEXICAN PEOPLE	4	
3	<input type="checkbox"/>	LOVE THE WHOLE THING	4	
4	<input type="checkbox"/>	LOVE THE NEW LOOK	3	
5	<input type="checkbox"/>	LOVE THE RED SOX	3	

#### Example 6

All in all, corpora are extremely useful tools for any translator that can and should be utilized to a greater extent when translating both specialized and general texts. In addition to contextual information on a term, the various search options of corpora can offer valuable help with various other decisions that any translator might struggle with when translating, “[F]or example it can be of great help in confirming intuitive decisions, in verifying or rejecting decisions based on other tools such as dictionaries, in obtaining information about collocates (words that typically co-occur), in reinforcing knowledge of normal target language patterns, and in learning how to use new expressions.” (Wilkinson 2005)

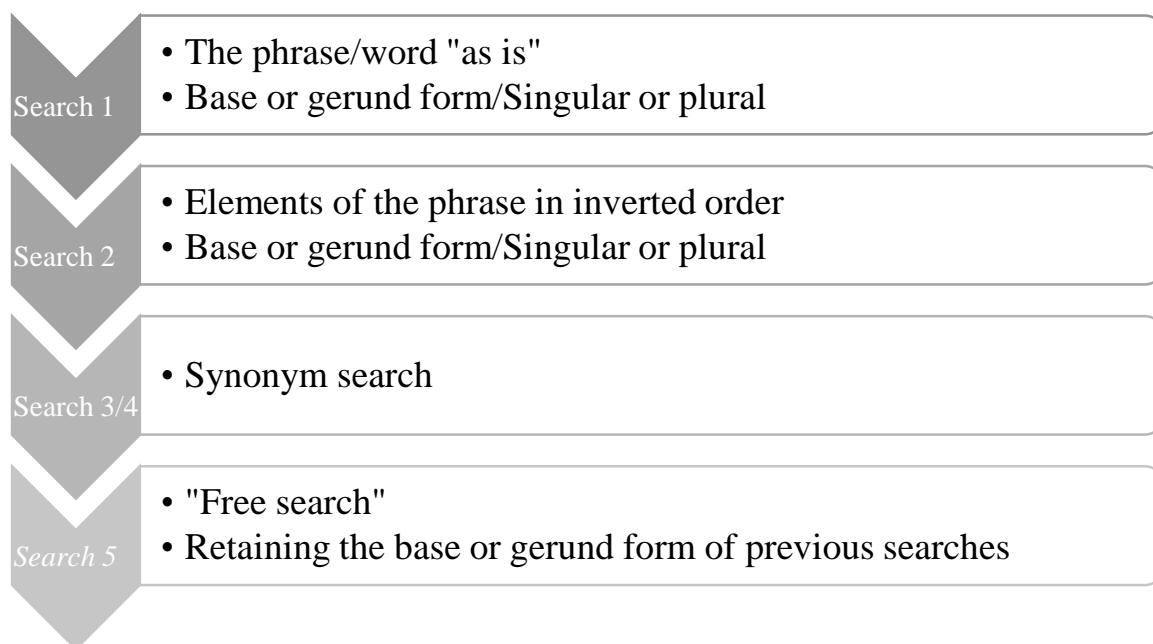
In the next chapter, the author will put corpora, and especially the COCA, into practical use in an effort to demonstrate the usefulness of corpora in translation work and its potential in improving translations.

### 2.3. The COCA in practical use – methodology

As mentioned in the previous chapter, corpora can be an extremely useful tool for any translator. In this chapter, the author will be using the COCA to study different ways of improving their translation, *The Chronicle of Lost Souls*, namely by studying data on frequency, collocates, etc. in order to choose the best possible and most context-appropriate term/phrase. This section of the thesis will serve as a practical guide into the possibilities of the COCA, its use and potential in choosing the best alternatives and/or confirming previous intuitive choices in any translation work.

As the COCA could be used to study a wide variety of terms, phrases and even strings of words, the focus has been narrowed down to freezes and other collocates and conjuncts, i.e. two word pairs with varying degrees of collocation. The COCA results will be compared and paired with the freezing principles put forth by Cooper et al. (1975) as they pertain to the phrase at hand (see below for details).

For each word/phrase in question, a maximum of five and a minimum of three searches were conducted with the COCA. Firstly, the term was searched “as is”, meaning the translation *smoking and drinking* of the very first example from the table (*suitsetas, jōi*) was entered into the COCA (in case of other verb forms, the default verb form for searching was either the base or the gerund form in order to yield as much data as possible; no distinction was made with singular and plural forms in case of nouns). The obtained frequency information (143) was noted and two other alternatives searched: in this case, the inverted form of the phrase, i.e. *drinking and smoking* (145) and if there is no need for synonym searches, i.e. the terms have very few near-synonyms that could also be considered, a “free search” was conducted, which in this case was *drinking and [vv\*]*, i.e. any gerund verb form that occurs most often with the verb *drinking*. This free search helps gather information on relevant collocates that may have been overlooked and/or check the validity of the original chosen term. In brief, the search methodology can be summarized as follows:



\* Note: in case of synonym searches, for example as with the phrase *vaikne ja rahulik* (as there are several options such as calm, peaceful, quiet, dignified, etc.), a maximum of two other searches will be conducted with the synonyms with the highest degree of match as suggested by the online American Thesaurus hosted by the Collins Dictionary (2016).

### 2.3.1. Freezes and other collocates in *The Chronicle of Lost Souls*

Without going into the complicated discussions on defining what constitutes a collocation in the English language (Wu 2010: 12), all speakers and learners of English will note that the ordering of certain elements in a phrase seems to be fixed, for example: *here and there*, *this and that*, *cowboys and Indians*, *mother and daughter*, *singular and plural*, *Sun and Moon*, etc. (Cooper et al. 1975: 63–66) Although these are not necessarily idioms or fixed phrases (i.e. occurring in dictionaries), these “freezes” occur frequently and seem to be governed by certain semantic, phonological and temporal and/or spatial regularities, the selected examples of which, that are most relevant to the research at hand, can be briefly summarized as follows (Cooper et al. 1975: 64–87):

- semantic constraints – Cooper et al. list more than 20 examples of different semantic principles of freezing, for example, *here* (always precedes “there”), *now* (precedes “then”), *present generation* (precedes more distant one, e.g. *son and grandson*), *male*

(precedes “female”, e.g. *husband and wife*), *animate* (precedes “inanimate”, e.g. *people and things*), *divine* (precedes “secular”, e.g. *God and man, church and state*) and many others;

- phonological constraints – the progression of vowels in a minimal or near-minimal freeze pair occurs as i > I > ɛ > æ > a > ɔ > o > u, for example *tick tock* [I > a], *chitchat* [I > æ], *ping pong* [I > ɔ], etc.;
- temporal and/or spatial freezes – there are three types of “space-axis information”, (i) up vs down, (ii) left vs right, (iii) vertical vs horizontal, the underlined conjuncts usually preceding the second elements, for example *peak and valley*, *East and West*, *latitude and longitude*, etc.

The above list is not exhaustive. Moreover, certain principles even contradict or take precedence over one another in certain contexts but it does present valuable clues as to how freezes are formed and become fixed. It is interesting to note that while the abovementioned constraints are not universal rules and there are exceptions to virtually every single one of them, their statistical validity has been tested and it was found that “a majority of constraints are operative”, especially in case of binomials (Renner 2014: 18-19<sup>5</sup>). Moreover, according to Cooper et al., “Any phrase with freezes will have a better chance to become viable than will a phrase which does not have this structure” which makes observing these constraints the more relevant (1975: 70). Thus, in addition to using the COCA, the general principles of freezing – where applicable – will be observed while analyzing the selected collocates, pairs and conjuncts in order to determine their viability and adherence to the principles.

The list below includes various types of freezes with varying degrees of “fixedness” as they occur in the translated text. A brief analysis of each phrase with the help of the COCA and keeping in mind the general freezing principles as defined by Cooper et al. will determine the best translation. It is important to note that the word pairs will not be approached with the aim of finding out the “correct” variant and crossing off the “incorrect” one as they are not rigidly fixed formations and in most cases, strictly speaking, not even binomials but rather simple collocating word pairs with varying degrees of fixedness. Thus, there is no “right answer”, only

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<sup>5</sup> It is important to note that some of the originally proposed constraints by Cooper et al. have been somewhat amended or specified over time due to more statistical data being available now than before – these changes that are also highlighted in the research paper by Vincent Renner (2014) were taken into account when analyzing the selected pairs.

general tendencies that should be observed in order to be able to choose the most natural-sounding option. Note: if these tendencies are not present with a pair, it will be indicated. Moreover, if the freezing constraints and the COCA data contradict one another with no indication of one overruling the other, the results will be deemed inconclusive and several preferred variants proposed.

As mentioned, the list includes different types of collocates (both noun, adjective and verb-based), including certain “polarity items (e.g. love and hate) which differ by one semantic feature but which share a number of major semantic features (e.g. +animate, +emotive)” or near-polarity items (Cooper et al. 1975: 71). All of these will be discussed upon mention, along with relevant comments and references.

The following table is made up of several components: firstly, the author’s own translation that was chosen intuitively and/or with the help of various bilingual dictionaries; the COCA referent(s) with the highest frequency number(s); analysis of and relevant comments on the phrase; and the final, preferred term(s) as determined by the COCA and where appropriate, the freezing principles established by Cooper et al.

The gathered information is presented in the following table (note: all corpus searches were conducted in late 2015, any later searches are likely to reveal an increase in the frequency number as new sources are added to the COCA constantly, see also 2.1.):

PHRASE	AUTHOR’S TRANSLATION	COCA	COMMENTS	PREFERRED
<i>suitsetas, jōi</i>	smoking and drinking (143)	drinking and smoking (145)	as the two elements are fairly similar in properties, no ordering constraints were identified with frequency data also revealing that both pairs are equally popular	<i>all</i>
<i>vaikne ja rahulik</i>	quiet and calm (39)	calm and quiet (50) still and quiet (58)	Cooper et al. state that place one elements of freezes usually have fewer syllables (oftentimes being monosyllabic; 1975: 71) and the slight increase in	calm and quiet

			frequency data seems to confirm this	
<i>õnn ja armastus</i>	happiness and love (7)	love and happiness (62) love and joy (40)	both frequency data and freezing principles based on syllabic length suggest the best option to be <i>love and happiness</i>	love and happiness
<i>kurbus ja valu</i>	sadness and pain (10)	pain and sadness (12) misery and pain (10) pain and misery (24)	both frequency data and freezing principles based on syllabic length suggest that <i>pain</i> should be the first element of the freeze	pain and misery/ sadness
<i>õige ja vajalik</i>	right and necessary (12)	necessary and right (4) essential and necessary (6) just and right (10)	according to Cooper et al., place one elements of freezes usually have fewer syllables (1975: 71) and the slight increase in frequency data seems to confirm this	right and necessary
<i>võidad või kaotad</i>	win or lose (435)	lose or win (4) succeed or fail (89)	the phrase is a polarity freeze as defined by Cooper et al. (1975: 71) and the author's translation follows two freezing constraints, (i) the phonological principle of the [ɪ] preceding [u] (1975: 73), (ii) and the semantic principle "positive" according to which the element with the positive meaning should be in place one in the freeze (1975: 65)	win or lose
<i>eelistused ja tahtmised</i>	preferences and needs (11)	needs and preferences (54) needs and desires (131)	both frequency data and freezing principles based on syllabic length and the principle of listing the semantically more important first (known as "me first", <i>need</i> takes precedence over <i>preference</i> ) suggest that <i>needs</i> should be the first	needs and desires



			element of the freeze (1975: 67)	
<i>rõõm ja rahu</i>	happiness and peace (24)	peace and happiness (40) peace and joy (42) peace and harmony (98)	both frequency data and freezing principles based on syllabic length suggest that <i>peace</i> should be the first element of the freeze	peace and harmony/ happiness
<i>suunama ja valitsema</i>	control and guide (1)	guide and control (3) guide and direct (13) control and manage (19)	although frequency data are insubstantial, the constraints of stress-based ordering suggest the right-stressed disyllable <i>control</i> precede the monosyllabic <i>guide</i> (Renner 2014: 7 <sup>6</sup> )	control and manage/ guide
<i>kauge ja ebaoluline</i>	distant and immaterial (0)	immaterial and distant (0) distant and insignificant (0) distant and unimportant (1)	lacking substantial frequency data and relevant freezing principles	<i>all</i>
<i>rahulolev ja õnnelik</i>	content and happy (8)	happy and content (20) happy and satisfied (18)	both frequency data and the semantic “me first” and “positive” freezing principles suggest that <i>happy</i> should be the first element of the freeze as it is more positive and desirable to the archetypal speaker than the other element (Cooper et al. 1975: 65-67)	happy and content
<i>pikk ja pime</i>	long and dark (35)	dark and long (6)	frequency data suggest the original translation to be the most common; additionally,	long and dark

<sup>6</sup> The stress-pattern of the disyllable was not studied in the original paper by Cooper et al. but has become a widely accepted addition to the general freezing principles. According to the Renner (2014: 7), “The stress pattern of the disyllable plays a significant role in element ordering: the disyllable is preferably first in the binomial if it is right-stressed (e.g. *surprise and sin* rather than *sin and surprise*), and second if it is left-stressed (e.g. *sin and silence* rather than *silence and sin*).”

		long and gloomy (4)	the freeze is made the more semantically viable due to a “certain degree of similarity” between the elements (Cooper et al. 1975: 71), i.e. in this case, the negative connotations of something being endless and dark/gloomy	
<i>mõtlema ja aru pidama</i>	think and contemplate (1)	contemplate and think (0) think and consider (2)	although frequency data are inconclusive, freezing principles suggest the monosyllabic <i>think</i> be the first element of the conjunct (Cooper et al. 1975: 78)	think and contemplate/ consider
<i>auto /--/ võtmed</i>	car and keys (1)	keys and car (3)	as frequency data are insufficient, according to Cooper et al., the power source in a freeze usually comes first, e.g. <i>car and driver, bow and arrow</i> , etc. which would suggest the same apply here; moreover, the element in the singular tends to precede the element in plural form (1975: 65-66)	car and keys
<i>noort ja õnnelikku</i>	young and happy (8)	happy and young (2) young and cheerful (1)	freezing principles suggest the monosyllabic <i>young</i> be the first element of the conjunct (Cooper et al. 1975: 78) and the slight increase in frequency data seems to support this	young and happy
<i>hirm ja üksindus</i>	fear and loneliness (15)	loneliness and fear (9) fear and isolation (8)	frequency data seem to support that the monosyllabic <i>fear</i> be the first element of the pair (Cooper et al. 1975: 78); moreover, the semantic similarities between the elements add to the viability of the freeze	fear and loneliness

<i>otsima ja leidma</i>	search and find (21)	find and search (3) search and discover (0)	following the semantic “agentive” freezing principle defined by Cooper et al. (1975: 66), the action/active part is usually the first element, i.e. <i>hunter and hunted</i> ; frequency data are consistent with this	search and find
<i>tõde ja armastus</i>	truth and love (19)	love and truth (17)	two phonological freezing principles contradict one another in this case (Cooper et al. 1975: 70-71), as the right element of the freeze should (i) contain a longer vowel ( <i>love</i> ), (ii) have more initial consonants ( <i>truth</i> ) – as they are contradictory and frequency data were inconclusive as well, contextual data from the COCA was also researched, which revealed <i>truth and love</i> to have strong biblical connotations – a simple Google search engine search confirmed this as <i>truth and love</i> turned out to be overwhelmingly more common <sup>7</sup>	truth and love
<i>Hiina ja Jaapan</i>	China and Japan (292)	Japan and China (147)	as both elements of the freeze are of relatively equal qualities (two syllables, similar a-ə-æ sounds, identical initial sound of tʃ), it is difficult to assess the principles governing this freeze, other than the semantic “patriotic principle” (depending on which part the speaker identifies with or feels	China and Japan

<sup>7</sup> This is a rare case of the COCA not confirming the overwhelmingly more popular choice – possible reasons include a lack of specifically religious (in this case, Christian) texts in the corpus.

			closest to (Cooper et al. 1975: 65); however, frequency data are conclusive	
<i>prohvetid ja pühakud</i>	prophets and saints (5)	saints and prophets (6)	as frequency data are inconclusive, the revised stress-based ordering principle (see footnote on stress-based ordering of the disyllabic element) of the monosyllabic <i>saint</i> preceding the left-stressed <i>prophet</i> is applied	saints and prophets
<i>maailm ja universum</i>	the world and the universe (5)	the universe and the world (2)	according to the “at home” semantic principle (Cooper et al. 1975: 66), <i>world</i> should precede <i>universe</i> , as it is closer to speaker, their “home”, much like in <i>Earth and Planetary Science, home and away</i> , etc.	the world and the universe
<i>teada ja kogeda</i>	see and experience (36)	experience and see (1) taste and see (12)	according to Cooper et al, place one elements of freezes usually have fewer syllables (oftentimes being monosyllabic; 1975: 71); frequency data support this	see and experience
<i>külal ja linnad</i>	villages and cities (32)	cities and villages (60) towns and villages (355) villages and towns (119)	according to frequency data, <i>town</i> collocates much more strongly with <i>village</i> and should also precede the disyllabic <i>village</i> due to its stress pattern; thus, <i>town</i> is the preferred first place element	towns and villages
<i>rõõmsad ja kurvad</i>	happy and sad (55)	sad and happy (6) sad and cheerful (0)	this is a polarity item, according to the “positive” semantic freezing principle, the more positive of the words should come first, e.g. <i>positive or negative, like or dislike</i> , etc., which is also	happy and sad

			supported by frequency data (Cooper et al. 1975: 65)	
<i>autod ja bussid</i>	cars and buses (59)	buses and cars (29)	both frequency data and freezing principles suggest the monosyllabic <i>cars</i> be the first element of the conjunct (Cooper et al. 1975: 78)	cars and buses
<i>sigaretid ja õlu</i>	cigarettes and beer (21)	beer and cigarettes (28)	only the semantic principle of “singular” was identified (Cooper et al. 1975: 65), according to which <i>beer</i> should precede the plural <i>cigarettes</i> ; however, much like the very first example of this table, <i>smoking and drinking</i> , either option seems to be equally common and valid	<i>all</i>
<i>lehmad ja lambad</i>	cows and sheep (47)	sheep and cows (19)	the phonological freezing constraint of place two element having a longer vowel sound applies (Cooper et al. 1975: 71) and frequency data confirm this	cows and sheep
<i>tugev ja jõuline</i>	strong and powerful (63)	powerful and strong (10) sturdy and powerful (0) strong and athletic (8)	the only relevant freezing principle that applies is the first element of the freeze usually having fewer syllables; frequency information seems to support this	strong and powerful
<i>teksad ja särk</i>	jeans and shirt (27)	shirt and jeans (92)	according to the freezing principle of “space-axis information”, the “up vs. down” principle applies here, “conjuncts which refer to up generally precede those referring to down” (Cooper et al. 1975: 82), e.g. head and shoulders, fingers and toes, etc., which is also supported by the COCA frequency data	shirt and jeans

<i>õige ja vale</i>	right and wrong (1011)	wrong and right (17)	according to the semantic “positive” freezing principle, the positive conjunct usually precedes the negative one (Cooper et al. 1975: 65), which is also supported by the COCA frequency data	right and wrong
<i>metsad ja mäed</i>	woods and mountains (15)	mountains and woods (1) woods and hills (6) mountains and forests (34)	as no significant freezing principles can be applied, frequency information is used to determine the preferred variant, which shows that <i>forests</i> is significantly more used than <i>woods</i> (however, in the fiction genre, usage is almost equal)	mountains and forests
<i>pimedus ja valgus</i>	darkness and light (58)	light and darkness (83)	according to the semantic “positive” freezing principle, the positive conjunct usually precedes the negative one in polarity freezes (Cooper et al. 1975: 65), which is also supported by the COCA frequency data	light and darkness
<i>embama ja suudlema</i>	embrace and kiss (18)	kiss and embrace (11) kiss and hug (16) hug and kiss (113)	the only significant freezing principle that applies is the general stress-based notion of the right-stressed disyllable <i>embrace</i> preceding the monosyllabic <i>kiss</i> , and the slight increase in frequency information confirms this (thus, overriding the principle of monosyllabic <i>kiss</i> preceding <i>embrace</i> ); contextual data also show that the more informal <i>hug</i> is significantly more used than <i>embrace</i> (although both are almost equally common in fiction)	hug/embrace and kiss

<i>headus ja armastus</i>	kindness and love (9)	love and kindness (34) love and generosity (8)	both frequency data and freezing principles based on syllabic length suggest that <i>love</i> should be the first element of the freeze	love and kindness
<i>kuidas ja milleks</i>	how and why (899)	why and how (319)	no relevant freezing principles were identified that would govern this freeze but frequency data clearly show the overwhelming popularity of the author's translation	how and why
<i>päev ja nädal</i>	day and week (26)	week and day (2)	according to the semantic freezing principle "now", elements with greater immediacy come first in a freeze, e.g. now and then, tomorrow and the day after, etc. (Cooper et al. 1975: 65), which is also supported by frequency data	day and week
<i>mure ja valu</i>	worry and pain (5)	pain and worry (11) pain and anxiety (33) anxiety and pain (14)	although frequency data are inconclusive, the monosyllabic <i>pain</i> seems to be the preferred first element according to the search results	pain and worry
<i>jumal ja hing</i>	God and soul (2)	soul and God (5)	according to the "divine" semantic freezing principle (which incidentally overrides the "me first" principle), the divine element of the freeze comes first, e.g. heaven and hell, lord and devil, etc. (Cooper et al. 1975: 67); frequency data are inconclusive	God and soul
<i>viirastused ja deemonid</i>	ghosts and demons (10)	demons and ghosts (1) demons and apparitions (0)	as this freeze is somewhat ambiguous semantically (are <i>ghosts</i> 'positive' and opposite of <i>demons</i> or are both conjuncts equally	ghosts and demons

			negative?), it is difficult to apply semantic constraints such as “divine” (the secular/undivine is the second element); thus, frequency data alone will be considered	
<i>ostma ja varastama</i>	buy and steal (1)	steal and buy (0) steal and purchase (0)	with frequency data virtually lacking, the semantic properties of the freeze such as its polarity and the “positive” semantic freezing principle will be considered (Cooper et al. 1975: 65), i.e. the positive <i>buy</i> precedes the negative <i>steal</i> , which is also supported by phonological constraints as the second place element usually has a longer vowel (1975: 71)	buy and steal
<i>restoranid ja kõrtsid</i>	restaurants and bars (151)	bars and restaurants (218)	the only significant freezing principle that applies is the first element of the freeze usually having fewer syllables and frequency information supports this	bars and restaurants
<i>sõnad ja mõtted</i>	words and thoughts (39)	thoughts and words (22) words and ideas (56) ideas and words (8)	although frequency data seem divided between different options, the general preference seems to be for <i>words</i> as place one element, which is also supported by certain phonological constraints such as the first place element having a shorter vowel sound and fewer initial consonants (Cooper et al. 1975: 71)	words and thoughts/ ideas



## 2.4. Results and conclusions

As the above table shows, the COCA proved to be a valuable tool in double-checking the viability of intuitive choices. Out of the 42 freezes studied, the COCA frequency data proved useful (either supporting the freezing constraints established by Cooper et al. or becoming the decisive factor) in 30 or 71% of the cases. The two most notable cases of frequency data revealing strong collocates that the author did not intuitively sense were *how and why* and *China and Japan*, the ordering of which seems fixed to a very high degree.

The COCA “free search” function using search operators to identify other possible collocates did so in one third of the cases (dispersed in the “COCA” column of the table but not separately marked) and three of those proved the preferred and final variant (*hug* instead of *embrace*, *town* instead of *city*, *forests* instead of *woods*). This supports the original proposed idea that corpora are, in fact, superior to collocation dictionaries and other static sources when it comes to researching and learning collocations (Srdanović 2014; Wu 2010).

The COCA’s contextual function whether to identify the genre, study temporal data or gauge the relevant contexts proved useful with certain phrases, most notably in the case of *truth and love*, a phrase with biblical connotations that might have otherwise been overlooked, and in two of other cases where the term’s relevance to the fiction genre was studied.

All in all, the two most useful corpus functions seem to be obtaining frequency data and conducting a collocate search, the former proving its significance 3/4 of the time. Moreover, as frequency data can be expanded into contextual and temporal information with just a few clicks, the COCA proved its usefulness in validating former intuitive choices and providing more thorough information about a term without having to conduct extra searches or turn to other sources.

## Summary

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The modern translator has various tools in their arsenal, ranging from translation memories to countless electronic dictionaries that are available online. In the age of the internet, online sources have expanded exponentially and corpora and dictionaries have grown to enormous proportions, in addition to allowing fast and complex searches. As such, the expectations for modern translators are high – they are expected to produce high-quality translations quickly by harnessing all available means. However, mere literacy in translation memories or a rudimentary grasp on other online sources is not sufficient, the translator needs to adapt to the text at hand, understand the context and aim for consistency and quality.

After having analyzed the different American English elements in *The Chronicle of Lost Souls*, it can be concluded that remaining consistent within one variety is of key importance when translating. Although the differences might, at first glance, seem minute or easily detectable (*color* vs *colour*, etc.), they run much deeper and also include changes in vocabulary, grammar, style and punctuation. With the average language speaker and learner being exposed to the two varieties and their arbitrary mixes on a daily basis whether through media or popular culture, the translator is faced with the task of becoming knowledgeable about these differences in order to be able to produce cohesive and consistent translations. As the above analysis showed, the changes span across different areas and intuition alone may prove misleading. For example, words such as *railroad* and *railway* or *candidature* and *candidacy* may seem interchangeable between the two varieties but they are not and the COCA frequency data clearly demonstrates this (see 1.2.). The same applies to spelling differences such as *traveler* (AmE) and *traveller* (BrE) or subject-verb agreement. Thus, in order to avoid confusion and/or seem ungrammatical or even incomprehensible, a translator should always operate within one variety, which can be made easier by using a dictionary and/or a corpus of the variety that is being translated into. This will help avoid misuse and provide useful information to the translator, which becomes even more important if the target audience of the translation are speakers of a certain variety.

As such, the potential use of corpora extends beyond corpus linguistics or comparative language studies as they can also be used by regular translators in their translation work. The COCA, which is the largest American English corpus, allows for both simple and complex searches and can thus be used to check the validity of terms, phrases and collocations, in addition to studying the term's contextual and temporal data. The practical analysis in Chapter 2 showed that in case of freezes, the frequency data by COCA proved useful in 71% of the

cases by either confirming former intuitive choices or improving on them. The COCA's other functions such as contextual data and "free searches" or collocation searches proved useful as well, revealing information that was otherwise overlooked.

Thus, the main lesson as it pertains to translating is to always be mindful, whether it is of the differences between the British and American varieties, or when translating certain phrases and terms. As the corpus-based analysis in this paper focused on freezes, it became clear that translating freezes "as is" is not always the best strategy. In order to achieve the most natural-sounding result, the viability of the translated collocation/freeze should always be considered. For example, despite the original text containing *õnn ja armastus*, the inverted *love and happiness* is a much more viable pair, and so is the inverted *shirt and jeans*, instead of *teksad ja särk*, to name a few examples.

Being mindful of the abovementioned factors and using an easily accessible source such as electronic corpora to double-check former intuitive choices can be immensely helpful, therefore proving its usefulness as an important tool in producing high-quality and professional translations.

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## Resümee

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UNIVERSITY OF TARTU

Maailma keelte ja kultuuride kolledž

Andra Somelar

**Translation of the short story *Kadunud hingede ajaraamat* by Indrek Hargla and its analysis: Using American English and the COCA**

**Indrek Hargla lühijutu „Kadunud hingede ajaraamat“ tõlge ja selle analüüs: Ameerika inglise keele ja COCA rakendamine**

*Magistritöö*

2016

Magistritöö koosneb lisaks lühijutu tõlkele kahest analüüsipeatükist: tõlkes esinevate ameerika inglise keele elementide uurimine ja COCA (*Corpus on Contemporary American English*) korpuse rakendamine olemasoleva tõlke täiustamisel. Töö peamisteks eesmärkideks on tuua välja olulised ja tihti tähelepanuta jäänud erinevused Ameerika ja Briti inglise keele vahel kasutades selleks näiteid tõlgitud tekstist ning näidata võimalikke viise korpuste ja eelkõige COCA kasutamiseks tõlketöös. Teine analüüsipeatükk hõlmab ka praktilist osa, milles uuritakse erineva tugevusega paarissõnadest kollokatsioonide (*freezes*) tõlkimist COCA abil, illustreerides seeläbi COCA erinevaid kasutusvõimalusi ja funktsioone. Analüüsist järeldub, et korpus on oluline ja mitmekülgne tööriist, mis aitab kinnitada varasemaid intuiitvseid tõlkevalikuid ja leida tõlkealternatiive ning pakub mitmekülgset informatsiooni nii otsitava termini kui selle esinemiskontekstide kohta. Samuti rõhutatakse tõlkija kohust olla tähelepanelik erinevuste suhtes ameerika ja briti inglise keele vahel, et tagada kvaliteetne, professionaalne ja ühtlane tõlge.

Märksõnad: tõlkimine, ulmekirjandus, Indrek Hargla, ameerika inglise keel, korpused, kollokatsioonid



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